SPECIAL 25th ISSUE

PENTHOUSE COMIX

SEPTEMBER 1997

The Return of Bob Guccione's

Sweet Chastity

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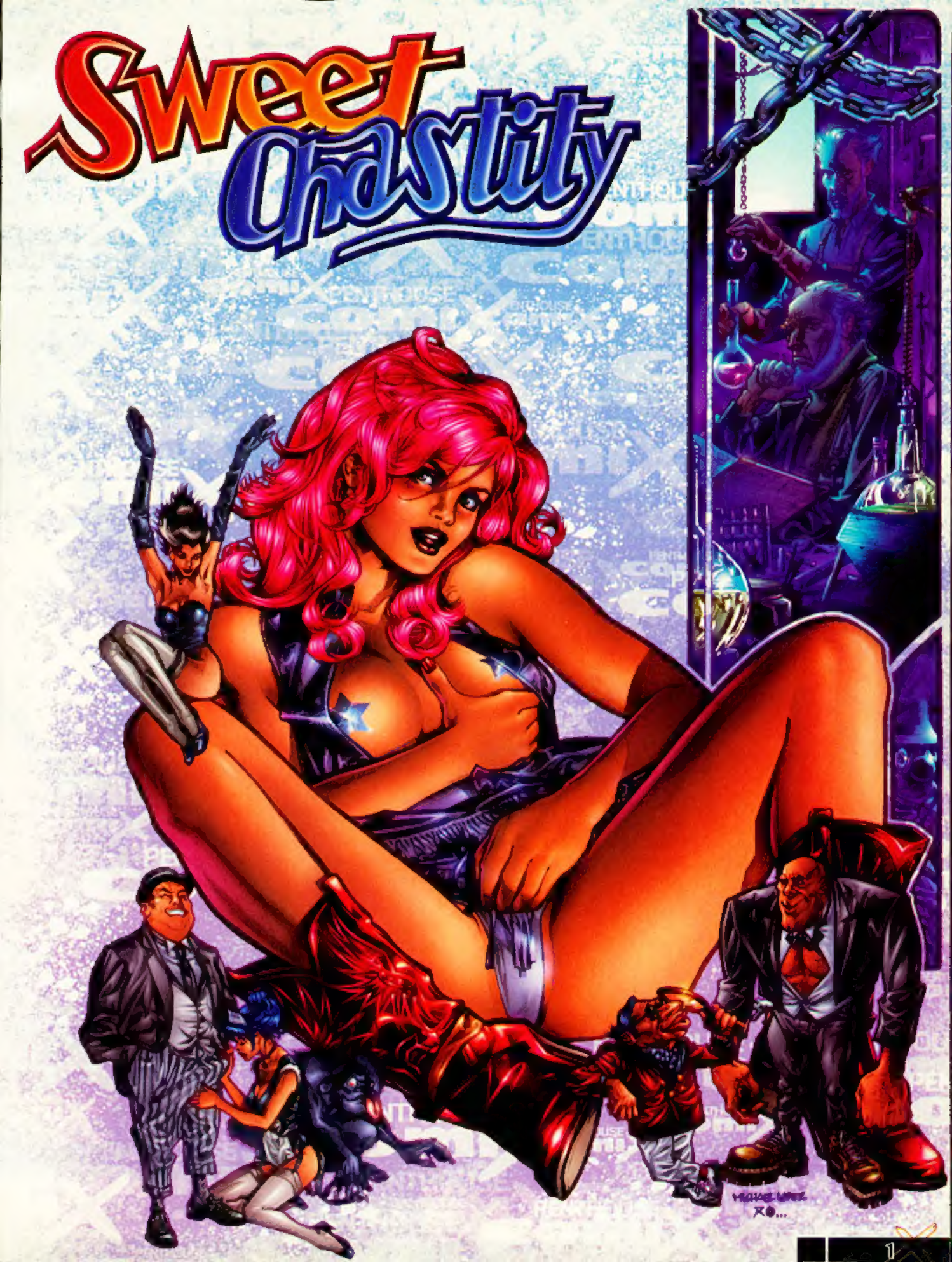
Sweet
Chastity

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THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO
PAUL "SLAB" BEEVOR
HE WILL BE MISSED.

September 1997 #25

PENTHOUSE COMIX

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OK'S TOURS
penthouse
COMIX

Sweet Chastity

by Bob Guccione
& Ron Embleton

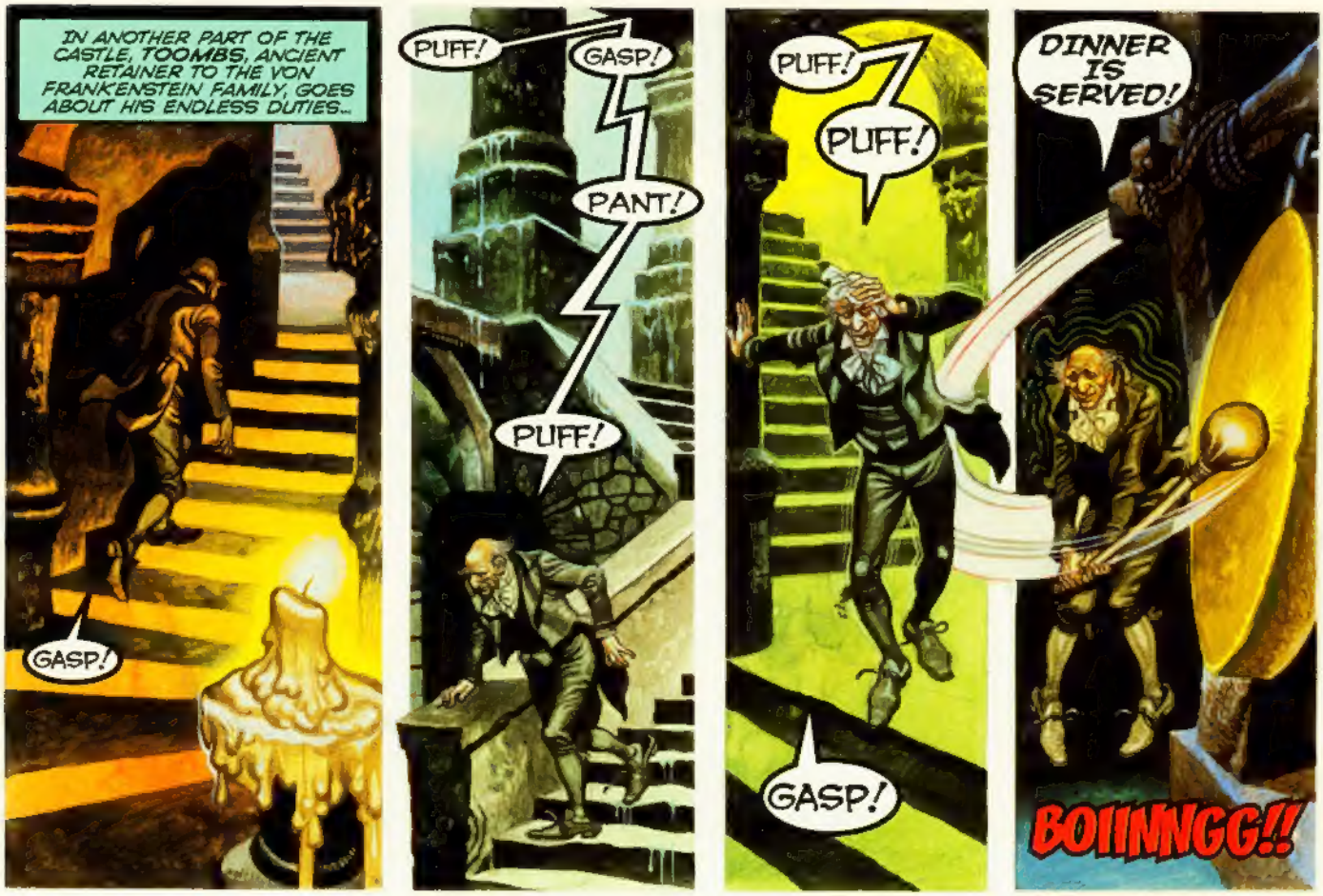
High in the Carpathian Mountains of Transylvania lies the village of Dreer, a dark, dank corner of gloomiest Europe that time and progress have left undisturbed for a thousand years...

Above the village and silhouetted against the dark sky, broods Castle Dreer. Home of the Von Frankestein family, its evil influence has cast its black shadow over the landscape of dripping escarpments and oozing quagmires and its inhabitants since time immemorial...

IN THE TOPMOST OF THE CLOUD-SHROUDED TOWERS OF CASTLE DREER, A LIGHT BURNS. VINCENT, 13th BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, STRUGGLES AGAINST TIME AND THE INEPTITUDE OF HIS ASSISTANTS, IGOR AND JOHN VAIN, TO ACHIEVE HIS LIFE'S AMBITION--A NOBEL PRIZE AND RECOGNITION IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE...
SCALPEL!
ER... HE WANTS THE... UM... SCALPEL?
THE LITTLE ONE--DUNDERHEAD!
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'RE GOING TO GET A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!
BIG DEAL!

I HOPE HE HAS BETTER LUCK THAN WE DID. HE AIN'T NEVER GONNA BE UP THERE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IF HE LOOKS LIKE US!
YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE FAITH! HE'LL GET IT RIGHT--SOONER OR LATER!
HE MOVED! I FELT HIM MOVE!
WILL YOU STOP PLAYING WITH YOURSELF AND GIVE A HAND WITH THE BELLOWS!

enchanted comix


IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE, TOOMBS, ANCIENT RETAINER TO THE VON FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY, GOES ABOUT HIS ENDLESS DUTIES...
GASP!
PUFF!
GASP!
PANT!
PUFF!
PUFF!
PUFF!
GASP!
DINNER IS SERVED!
BOIINNGG!!

THE SOUND OF THE DINNER GONG REVERBERATES ALONG THE MILES OF STONE CORRIDORS TO THE APARTMENTS OF ELECTRA, NEGLECTED WIFE OF VINCENT.
DINNER! GOOD! TONIGHT I'VE GOT QUITE AN APPETITE.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
YOU GONNA HANG THERE ALL NIGHT, UNCLE BELA? DINNER'S ON!
HAS THAT GHASTLY SUN GONE DOWN AT LAST?
PERHAPS A LIGHT SNACK BEFORE I BEGIN MY NOCTURNAL PERAMBULATIONS IN SEARCH OF REAL SUSTENANCE!
THE OLD PHONY WOULD FAINT IF HIS ROAST BEEF WAS RARE.

DINNERTIME AT CASTLE DREER...

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T THROW YOURSELF ABOUT LIKE THAT, ELECTRA!

I'M SO BORED! I THINK I'LL GET UP ON THE TABLE AND TEAR MY CLOTHES OFF!

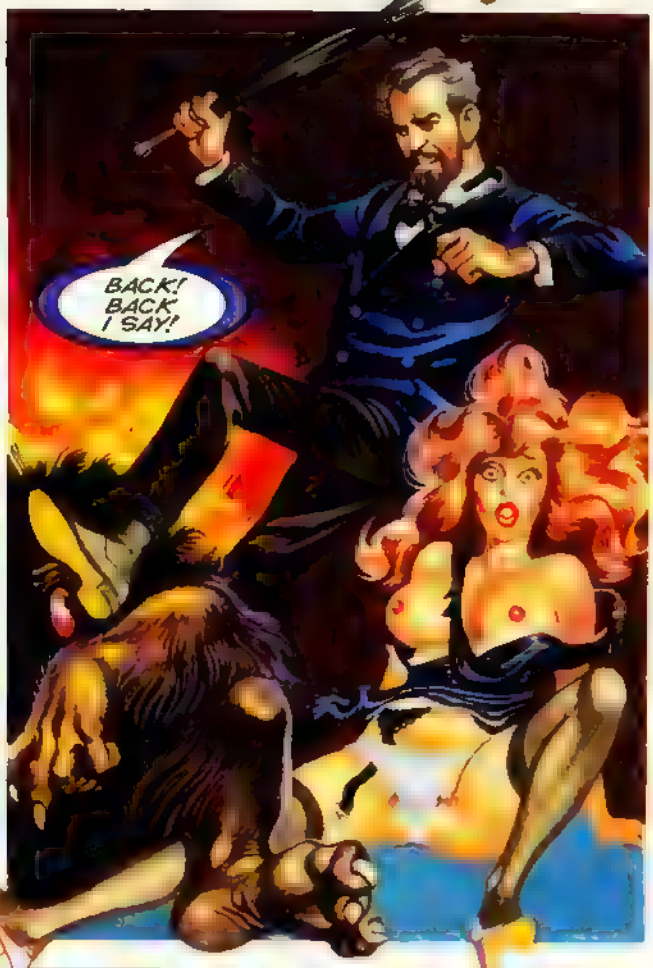
YOU DID THAT LAST NIGHT, BARONESS.

TOOMBS, HAVE YOU SEEN MY TEETH?

HERE COMES THE SOUP. BE A GOOD BOY AND I'LL DIP A PIECE OF BREAD FOR YOU!

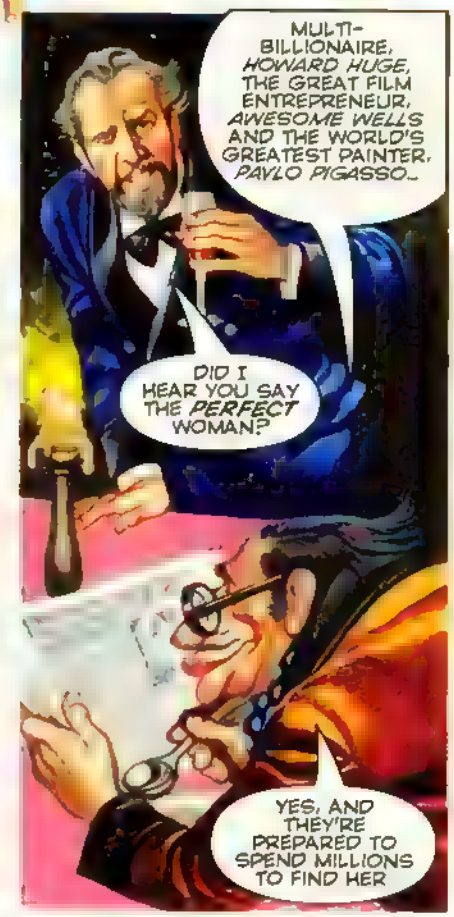
BIG DEAL!

NO, MR. BELA PERHAPS YOU LEFT THEM IN THE BELFRY?


BACK! BACK I SAY!

THE SOUP IS COLD
CHATEAU SUPERMARKET, I'M AFRAID, BARON!
MY WORK IS IGNORED! I'M SURROUNDED BY INCOMPETENCE, GREED AND BIG BOOBS!
INCOMPETENCE! GREED! WE'VE GOT NO MONEY! YOUR EXPERIMENTS NEVER WORK AND YOU'RE LOUSY IN BED! SO WHAT'S INCOMPETENCE? WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB YOU CAN HANDLE.. ?

LIKE A VIBRATOR REPAIRMAN!
LISTEN TO THIS, EVERYONE! "THREE MEN WITH A SINGLE OBSESSION. THE SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT WOMAN"!


MULTI-BILLIONAIRE, *HOWARD HUGE*, THE GREAT FILM ENTREPRENEUR, *AWESOME WELLS* AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTER, *PAVLO PIGASSO*...
DID I HEAR YOU SAY THE *PERFECT* WOMAN?
YES, AND THEY'RE PREPARED TO SPEND MILLIONS TO FIND HER

MILLIONS! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS!
WITH MILLIONS . ALL THE MODERN FACILITIES . THE NEWEST TECHNOLOGIES. . I COULD DO IT! I COULD MAKE THE *PERFECT* WOMAN!
YOU COULDN'T *MAKE* AN IMPERFECT WOMAN!

Pin-up by Azpiri

penthouse comix

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE STARTED FEEDING THEM. NOW THEY THINK I'M THEIR MOTHER!

ENTER TOOMBS, ANCIENT RETAINER TO THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY, CARRYING A LETTER...

IT'S AN ANSWER TO MY LETTER TO HOWARD HUGE!

AND NOW... FOR THE TRUE TEST OF THE PUDDING

HE'S INTERESTED IN MY PROJECT! HE'S COMING HERE TO SEE ME! THIS IS IT! *FAME! FORTUNE! FOOD...!*

ZOMBIES! THERE ISN'T A RED-BLOODED *MALE* AMONGST THEM!

BEAT IT!

HOW FAR NOW, ODDBALL?
NOT FAR NOW, MR. HUGE, SIR!
A SINISTER BLACK LIMOUSINE PURRS ITS WAY THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS OF TRANSYLVANIA, ITS OCCUPANT OBLIVIOUS TO THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION LEFT IN ITS WAKE.
HHI
WHAT'S HAPPENING, ODDBALL? WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?
NOTHING THAT NEED CONCERN YOU, MR. HUGE SIR!
ER . YES! I SAW EVERYTHING, SIR!
NO PROBLEMS! LEAVE EVERY-THING TO ME. HAVE A NICE DAY!
FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THEY WERE COMING BACK TO FINISH ME OFF

SOME HOURS LATER THE CAR ARRIVES AT THE VILLAGE OF DREER (WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, HAS THE HIGHEST MIGRAINE RATE IN EUROPE)...

Beta Lugosi Hotel

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO BY CAR, SIR. WE HAVE TO WALK UP TO THE CASTLE

DO SOMETHING, HENRY!

I BEG YOUR PARDON BUT WITH RESPECT TO THE PERSON ON YOUR BACK, I THINK A WORD OF CLARIFICATION...

I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD'VE GONE TO ORLANDO.

I WANNA SEE MICKEY MOUSE! YOU AIN'T MICKEY MOUSE!

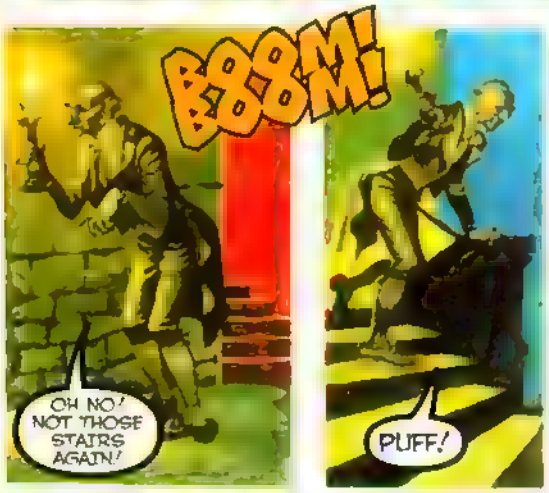
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE CREDIBILITY!

YOU WANT THE 50 DOLLAR TOUR OF THE GRAVEYARD? OR THE 75 DOLLAR TRIP, WHICH INCLUDES THE CHARNEL HOUSE?

OH NO! NOT PENTHOUSE AGAIN!

AND SO, UP TRUDGE THE TWO FIGURES TO THE FOREBIDDING GATES OF CASTLE DREER...

ODDBALL RAISES THE HEAVY IRON KNOCKER AND ANNOUNCES THEIR ARRIVAL...
BOOM!


BOOM!
OH NO! NOT THOSE STAIRS AGAIN!
PUFF!

PUFF!
GASP!
PUFF!

BOOM!
ALRIGHT!
PUFF!
ALRIGHT! I'M COMING!

WELCOME TO CASTLE DREER, MR HUGE.
GASP!
THE BARON IS EXPECTING YOU.
HOP TO IT, BOY! OUR LUGGAGE IS DOWN IN THE VILLAGE!
BOY!

SHALL I SHOW MR. ODDBALL TO THE SERVANTS QUARTERS, BARONESS?
NO THANKS, IGOR. I'LL SEE TO MR. ODDBALL.

AND WITH MY ANCESTRAL EXPERTISE, AND THE LATEST MICROTECHNOLOGY, IN RECOMBINANT DNA, LASER SURGERY, ETC., I COULD BUILD, CELL BY LIVING CELL, THE *PERFECT WOMAN!*
SOUNDS LIKE A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS
I LIKE IT! OH, HOW I LIKE IT!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE *PERFECT WOMAN* ALL MY LIFE!
TOOMBS! TELL MR ODDBALL I WANT TO SEE HIM NOW!
PUFF!
AT ONCE, SIR!
PUFF!
GRUNT!
GASP!
MR. ODDBALL, SIR!
PUFF!
ARE YOU THERE?
GASP!
MR. HUGE WISHES TO SEE YOU!
I'M COMING!
FROM NOW ON "PAVANE POUR UNE *INFANTE* DEFUNTE" WILL ALWAYS BE OUR SONG!
YOU SENT FOR ME, MR. HUGE, SIR?
YES, ODDBALL. LET THE BARON HAVE SOME PETTY CASH
THEN, MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BARON TO HAVE ACCESS TO UNLIMITED FUNDS. . AND BOOK ME INTO *MADAME TRUSS' S&M REJUVENATION CLINIC!*

Pin-up by Luis Royo

NOT SINCE ULRICH VON FRANKENSTEIN FOUNDED THE FAMILY FORTUNE WHEN HE WENT INTO THE HOLY RELIC BUSINESS DURING THE CRUSADES, HAS THE FAMILY KNOWN SUCH PROSPERITY...
C.O.D! THAT MEANS WE TRY THEM OUT FIRST!
HOW TO DESTROY A THOUSAND YEARS OF TRADITION OVERNIGHT.
WHAT CAN ANY SANE MAN WANT WITH THIS RUBBISH!
WHY CAN'T THE BARON MAKE THINGS LIKE THIS?

BUT VINCENT IS OBLIVIOUS TO SUCH FRIVOLITIES. COMPUTERS, LASER EQUIPMENT AND THE LATEST IN HIGH-TECH BIO-ELECTRONICS ARE TRANSFORMING THE OLD DAMP AND GLOOMY LABORATORY...

EEEEK!!!

STALLONE!

ARNOLD!

I WANT ALL THIS OLD STUFF CLEARED OUT! WE'RE MOVING INTO THE 20th CENTURY

I'M NEVER GO NG TO LEARN TO USE THIS NEW EQUIPMENT

IT'S CHILD'S PLAY TO GREAT MINDS LIKE THE BARON AND MYSELF

IT'S GETTING TO BE THAT THERE AIN'T NOPLACE FOR THE SIMPLE WORKER IN THIS WORLD! I'LL BE MADE REDUNDANT!

DON'T STRAIN YOUR MINISCULE MARBLES WITH SERIOUS THINGS LIKE THOUGHTS, IGOR THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A NEED FOR YOUR PARTICULAR SMALL SKILLS AND EXPERIENCE

YOU SEE? THE BARON CAN'T DO WITHOUT YOU
IT'S NICE TO FEEL NEEDED

THIS IS RUBBISH!
I CAN'T WORK WITH STUFF LIKE THIS!
NOW WHERE AM I GOING TO GET SOME REALLY FIRST CLASS MATERIAL?
THE RAIN HAS RUINED MY HAIR!

THE BARON DOESN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG. THE SAME NIGHT A MAGAZINE ARTICLE PROVIDES THE NECESSARY INSPIRATION
THAT'S IT! "EMINENT SURGEON IN HOSPITAL SCANDAL CRISPIAN BARNSTURM AND BOARD OF GOVERNORS ACCUSED OF MISAPPROPRIATION OF HOSPITAL FUNDS."
CALIGULA

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WE ARE NOT TALKING ABOUT SPARE PARTS FOR A CAR! WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HUMAN ORGANS!
YOU DARE ASK ME, CRISPIAN BARNSTURM TO ? YOU'RE A GHOUL! WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A JOB IN AN ABBATOIR!
AND SO...

DRINK? SMOKE? MY BOY, I'M FULL OF ADMIRATION FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE! YOURS IS A TRULY NOBLE CALLING. WHAT YOU ARE ATTEMPTING TO DO WILL BRING NOTHING BUT GLORY TO OUR PROFESSION. I WOULD BE HONORED TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH SUCH A MAN.
GIMME YOUR LIST! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU NEED!

DURING THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, VINCENT HARDLY EVER APPEARED AT THE FAMILY DINING TABLE. HIS FOOD WAS PUSHED UNDER THE DOOR OF THE LABORATORY.

TOTALLY OBSESSED, HE LABORED NIGHT AND DAY, CONCERNED WITH NOTHING BUT HIS SEARCH FOR PERFECTION.

HEATHCLIFF

CATHY!

MIND THE STAIRS!

THERE'S NO USE PRETENDING HE WAS MISSED. WITH THEIR NEW FOUND PROSPERITY, ELECTRA HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN WORKING OFF A LOT OF FRUSTRATIONS.

THIS WAY, SIR! I TRUST YOU HAVE SOME OF THAT INSURANCE YOU WERE SELLING FOR YOURSELF, SIR!

AAAGH!!

AT REGULAR INTERVALS, THE SINISTER BLACK LIM-OUSINE WOULD SPEED THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN PASSES BRINGING HOWARD HUGE FROM THE REJUVENATION CLINIC AT GENEVA.

I SHALL BE WITH THE BARON, ODDBALL, AND I DON'T WISH TO BE DISTURBED

YES, SIR, MR. HUGE!

THERE SHE IS, MR HUGE, *SWEET CHASTITY, THE PERFECT* WOMAN! THE REALIZATION OF ALL MAN'S DREAMS AND FANTASIES! TOUCH HER!

DARE I?

EXPERIENCE FOR YOURSELF THE SOFTNESS AND SUBTLE CHANGES OF TEXTURE .. THE RESILIENCE OF THE NIPPLES . THE DOWN OF THE CHEEK!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! IT'S ..IT'S LIKE WARM CREAM WITH HONEY, AND SPRINGTIME! COULD THIS EXQUISITE SWEET DREAM CREATURE *LOVE* ME?

MY REASON TELLS ME THIS CAN'T HAPPEN, BUT MY MONEY TELLS ME ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

YOU MUSTN'T FAIL ME, FRANKENSTEIN. I'M STAKING EVERYTHING ON THIS LAST CHANCE TO FIND THE PERFECT WOMAN!

SHE WILL BE PROGRAMMED TO SEE ONLY YOU AND HER SOLE FUNCTION WILL BE TO PLEASE ONLY YOU

IN THE LABORATORY THE CONCENTRATION INTENSIFIES AS THE CRUCIAL MOMENT LOOMS, WHILE HIS ASSISTANTS DROOP WITH FATIGUE, VINCENT'S BRAIN BURNS WITH INCANDESCENT INSPIRATION
THESE LATE NIGHTS ARE RAVAGING MY COMPLEXION!
HER WHOLE PHYCHE IS CONTAINED IN THIS MINUTE ARRANGEMENT OF ELECTRONIC CELLS. LINKED TO HER BRAIN IT CONTROLS HER PERSONALITY

NOW! STAND BY TO ACTIVATE!

I DID IT!
YOU DID IT!
HE DID IT!

BARON! THE LIBIDO!
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, ADJUST THE LIBIDO!!

GASP! PANT!
I MUST BE IRRESISTABLE!

LOOK! LOOK! I'VE DONE IT!

SOB!

LET'S SEE THE WORLD DARE TO LAUGH AT ME NOW!

SOB!

SHE'S LIKE A-A FAIRY TALE PRINCESS!

W WHERE AM I?

WHO AM I?

Pinup by Milo Manara

COMIX

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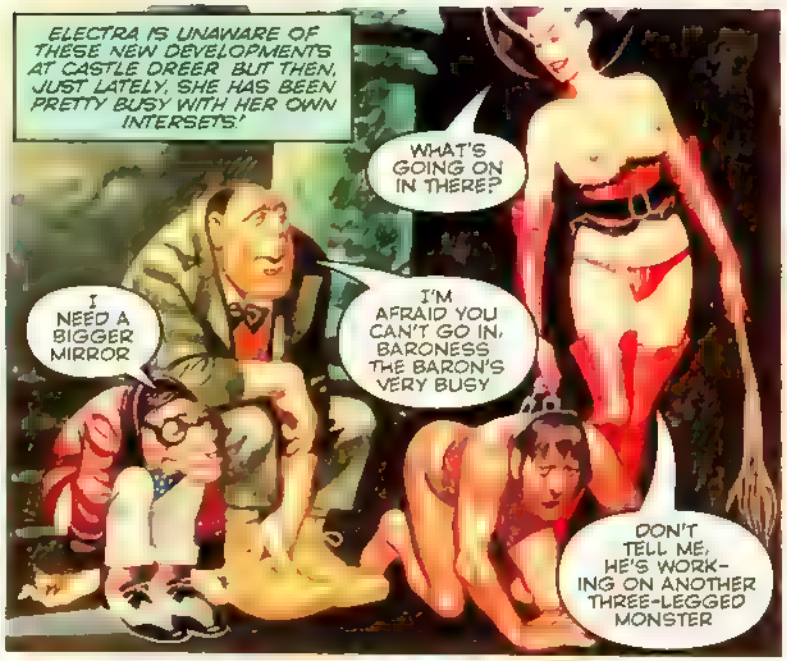
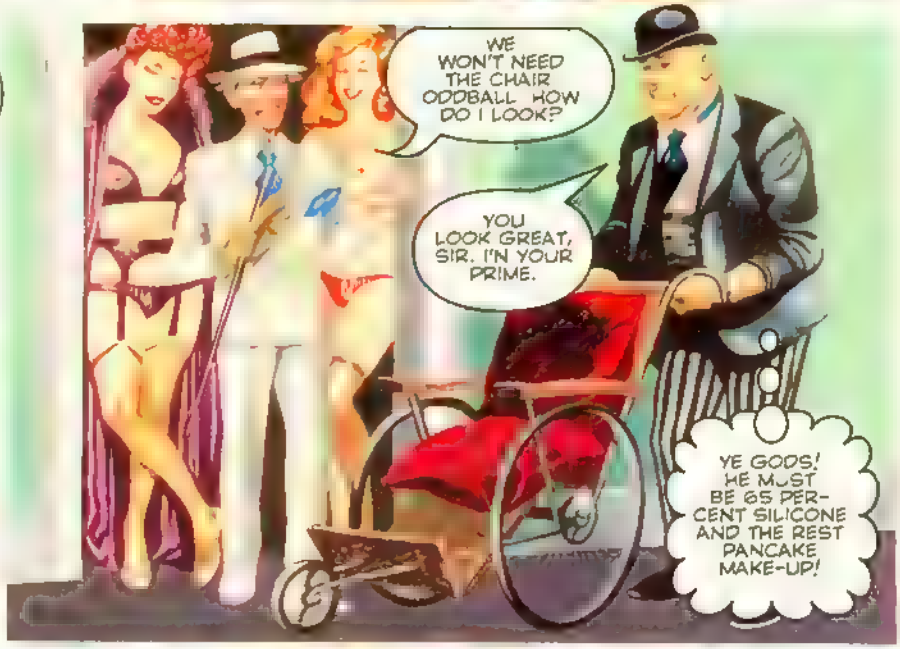
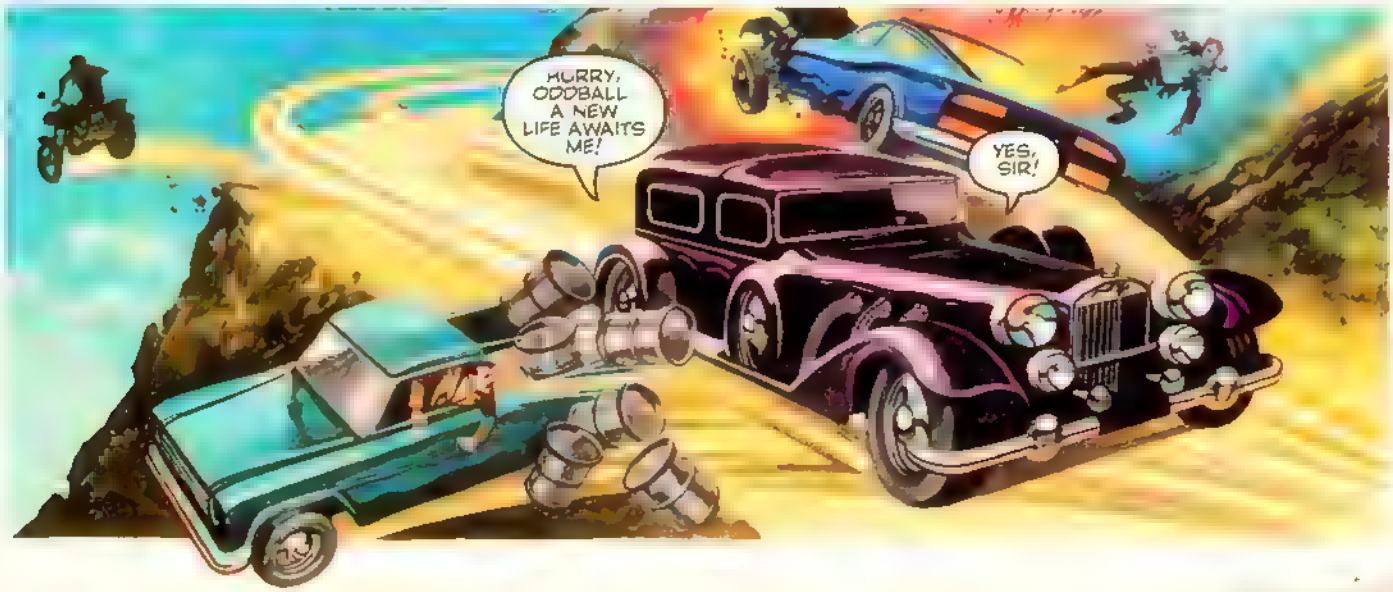
VINCENT'S ASSISTANTS, IGOR AND JOHN VAIN, HAVE BOTH BEEN PROFOUNDLY DISTURBED BY THE ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE OF "SWEET CHASTITY"
A MERE FOOTNOTE IN MY ROMANTIC AFFAIRS
THE BARON CAN'T GIVE THAT BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CREATURE TO THAT DECREPIT OLD MAN. IT AIN'T DECENT.


ELECTRA IS UNAWARE OF THESE NEW DEVELOPMENTS AT CASTLE DREER BUT THEN, JUST LATELY, SHE HAS BEEN PRETTY BUSY WITH HER OWN INTERSETS.'
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
I NEED A BIGGER MIRROR
I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T GO IN, BARONESS THE BARON'S VERY BUSY
DON'T TELL ME, HE'S WORKING ON ANOTHER THREE-LEGGED MONSTER

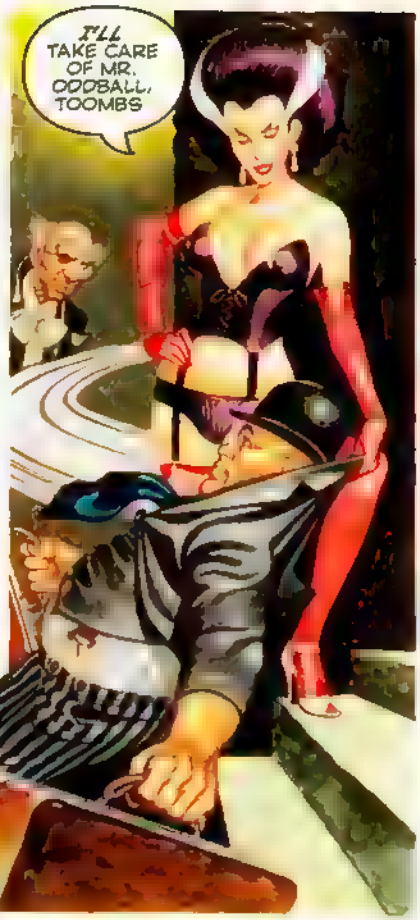
MEANWHILE, AT MADAME TRUSS' S&M REJUVENATION CLINIC IN ZURICH...
MY NAME IS ODDBALL IS MR HUGE READY TO LEAVE?
YES. HIS NURSES ARE BRINGING HIM DOWN NOW


WE WON'T NEED THE CHAIR ODDBALL HOW DO I LOOK?
YOU LOOK GREAT, SIR. I'N YOUR PRIME.
YE GODS! HE MUST BE 65 PERCENT SILICONE AND THE REST PANCAKE MAKE-UP!

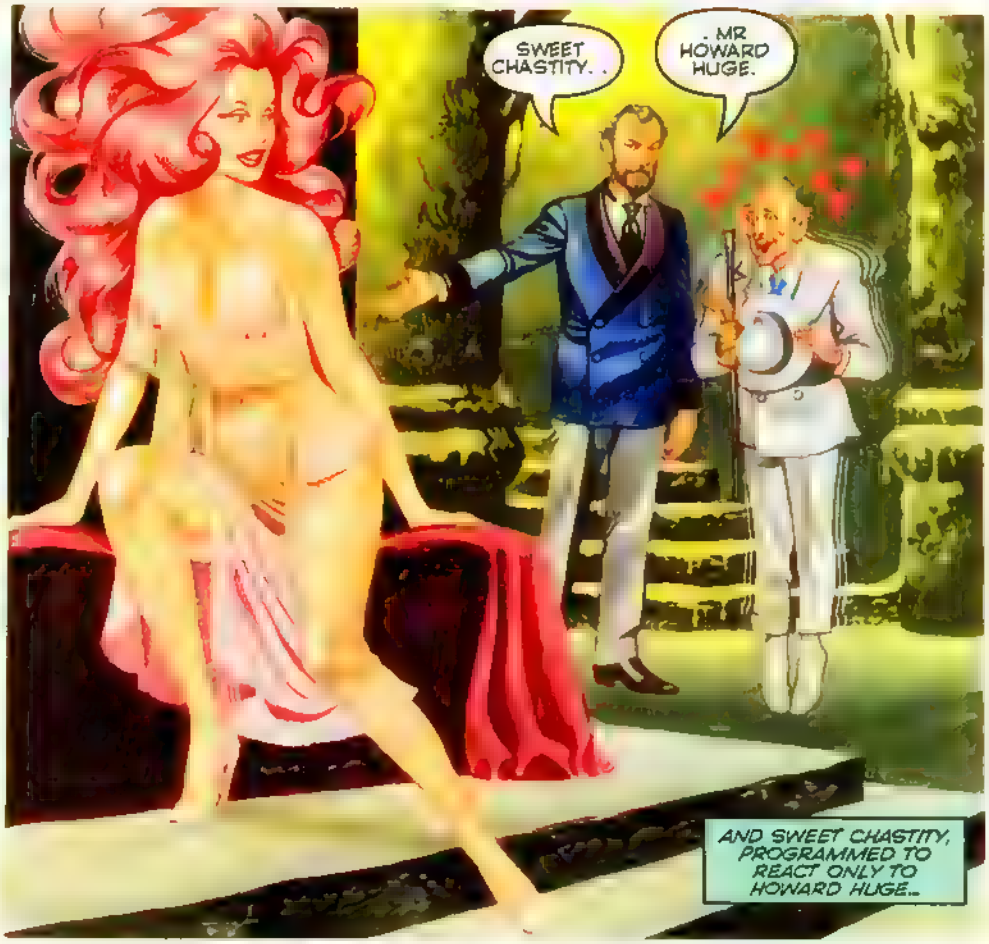

HURRY, ODDBALL A NEW LIFE AWAITS ME!
YES, SIR!

AND SO TO CASTLE DREER...
C'MON! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? OPEN UP!
TRY TO CONTAIN YOURSELF, SIR!

SHALL I SHOW MR. ODDBALL TO HIS ROOM, SIR?
WELL? WHERE IS SHE?
EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL, MR. HUGE SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU.


I'LL TAKE CARE OF MR. ODDBALL, TOOMBS

FRANKENSTEIN! IF YOU'VE FAILED ME, AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH YOU'RE DEAD!
RELAX! EVERYTHING'S FINE.


SWEET CHASTITY. .
. MR HOWARD HUGE.
AND SWEET CHASTITY, PROGRAMMED TO REACT ONLY TO HOWARD HUGE...

...REACTS!
YOU BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL MAN!

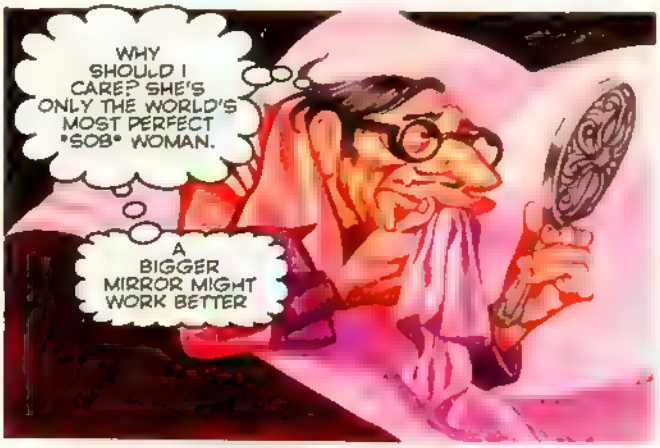
I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR YOU.
I'M ALL YOURS.
YOURS, AND YOURS ALONE.

AND THROUGH A PINK HAZE OF ECSTASY, HOWARD HUGE IS A YOUTH AGAIN...
...TRANSPORTED INTO REALMS OF SHEER DELIGHT THAT HE NEVER DREAMED EXISTED!

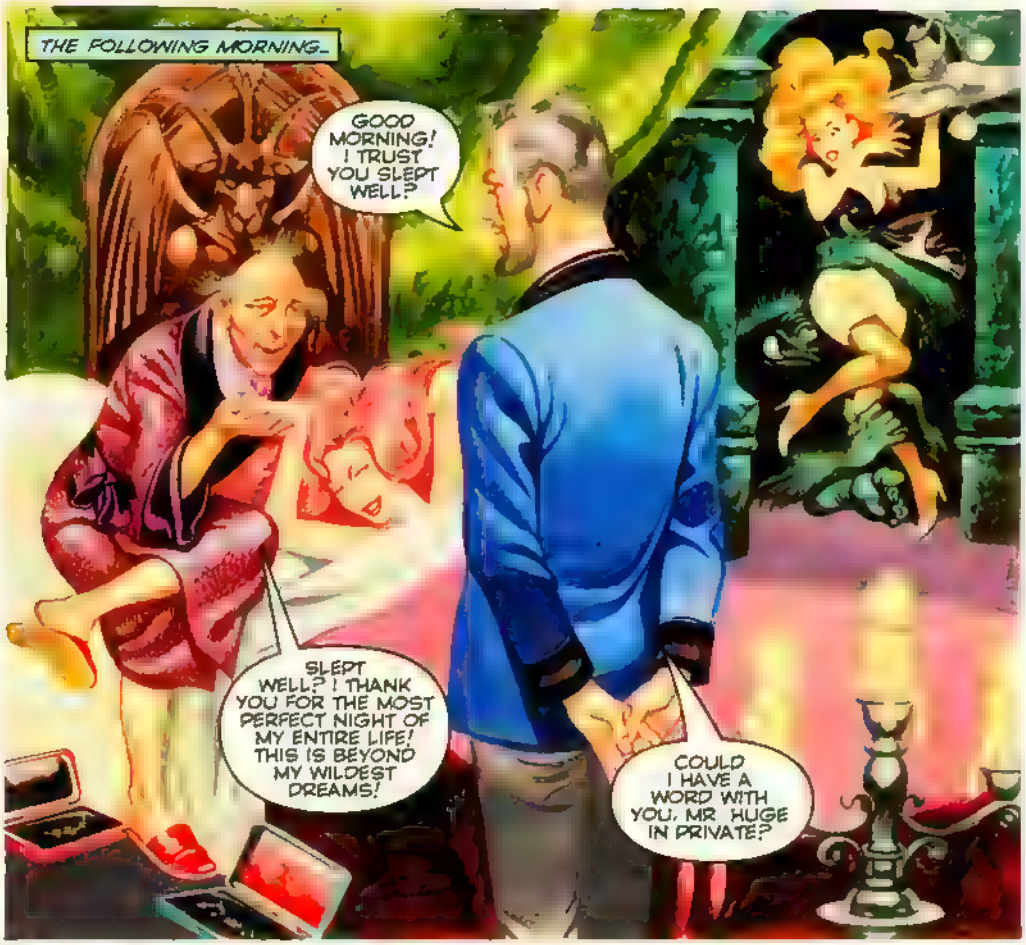
OH, THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS! EVEN THE SPACE SHUTTLE PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE WHEN COMPARED TO MY ACHIEVEMENT!
MOVE OVER YOU IMMORTALS! MAKE ROOM FOR VINCENT, 13th BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, GENIUS!
FR BARON! YOU GONNA FIX ME UP NOW?

BUT THE BARON IS NO LONGER OF THIS WORLD. HE IS FAR AWAY IN HIS OWN DREAMS OF GRANDEUR
YOU SAID YOU'D MAKE IT SO I LOOK LIKE BRAD PITT! YOU PROMISED!
YOU FINK!
HEARING ONLY THE TUMULTTIOUS APPLAUSE OF THE WORLD'S SCIENTISTS AS HE REALIZES HIS LIFE'S AMBITION AND ACCEPTS THE NOBEL PRIZE!

NIGHT FALLS ON CASTLE DREER, AND ITS INHABITANTS ARE LEFT TO THEIR OWN PRIVATE PREDILICTIONS AND OTHER VICES
SO VULGAR AND STUPID.
YOU'RE SO COARSE AND CRUDE, OODBALL
SUCH FUN TO BE AROUND


WHY SHOULD I CARE? SHE'S ONLY THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT "SOB" WOMAN.
A BIGGER MIRROR MIGHT WORK BETTER

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE MASTER, MISS CHASTITY IS HIS FIRST REAL SUCCESS, AND WE'VE NEVER HAD TO LIVE WITH SUCCESS BEFORE.


THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
GOOD MORNING! I TRUST YOU SLEPT WELL?
SLEPT WELL? I THANK YOU FOR THE MOST PERFECT NIGHT OF MY ENTIRE LIFE! THIS IS BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS!
COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, MR HUGE IN PRIVATE?

ER . WHEN DO WE MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT?
ANNOUNCEMENT? WHAT ANNOUNCEMENT?
MY GREAT ACHIEVEMENT WHEN DO WE ANNOUNCE IT TO THE PRESS? TO THE WORLD?

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
D'YOU WANT TO TURN THIS INTO SOME KIND OF FREAK SHOW? YOU WANNA MAKE ME A LAUGHING STOCK? NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW! CHASTITY IS THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT WOMAN
. WHAT ELSE WOULD BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOWARD HUGE! IF YOU EVER MENTION ONE WORD OF THIS TO A LIVING SOUL, YOU'RE DEAD!

AND NOW, MY PRECIOUS, GET PACKED. I'M GOING TO LAY THE WHOLE WORLD AT YOUR FEET!

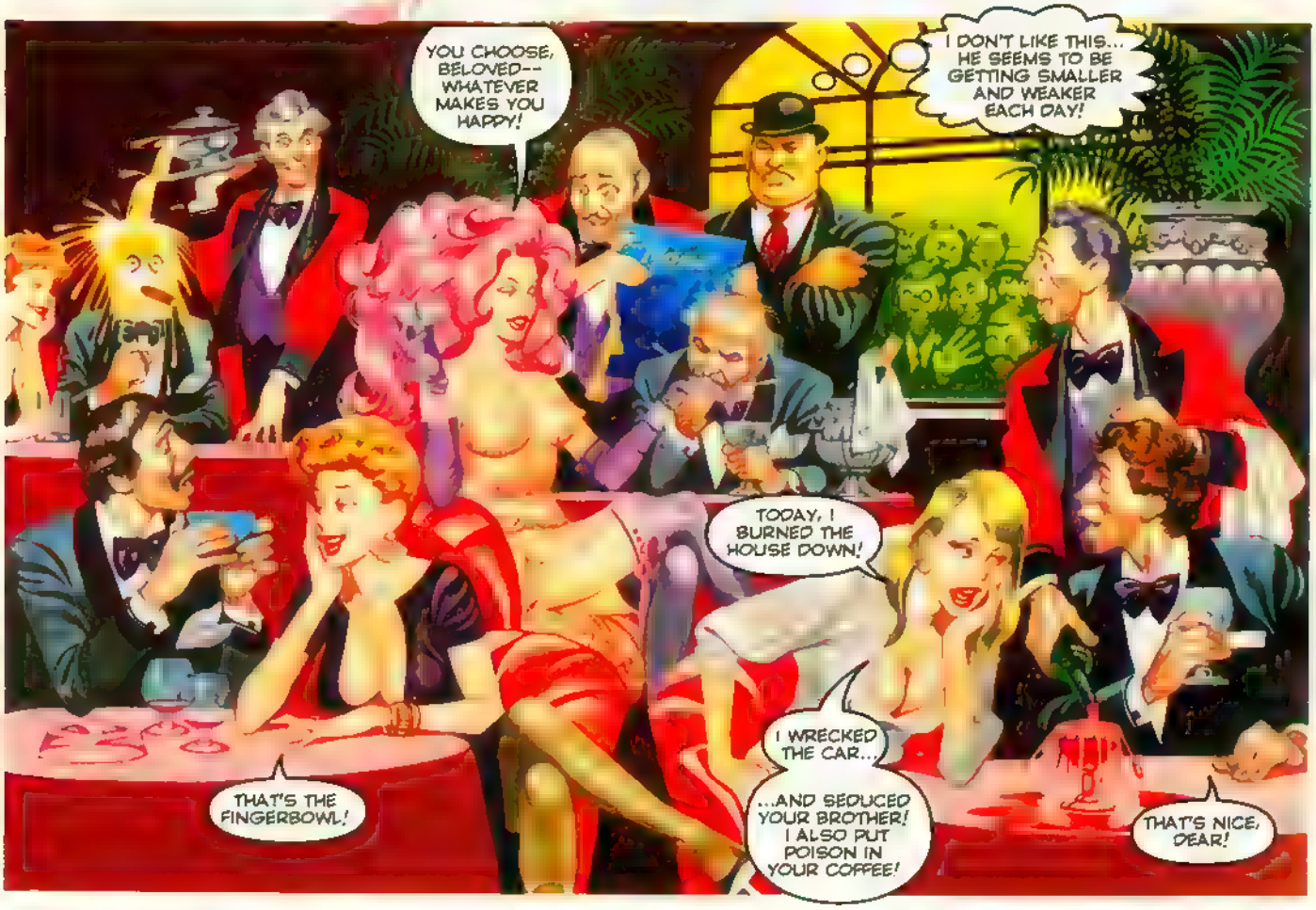
25 YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND SELF SACRIFICE!
THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!
ALL TO BE THROWN AWAY FOR THE SAKE OF AN OLD MAN'S PRIDE!
THAT'S LIFE, VINCENT, WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT ALL SORTED OUT AND RUNNING SMOOTHLY IT ALL STARTS TO SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS. BEFORE THIS LITTLE SAGA IS THROUGH YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN.

Pin-up by Heratio Altuna

penthouse comix

TO A FANFARE OF SCREAMING TV AND NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, SWEET CHASTITY HAS ARRIVED IN NEW YORK. TO CELEBRATE, HOWARD HUGE HAS ARRANGED A CHAMPAGNE AND OKAPI BRUNCH FOR A FEW INTIMATE FRIENDS. SO HE WANTS TO SHOW HER OFF-- SO WHO WOULDN'T?
I MUST REMAIN LOYAL TO LOIS LANE!
YES-- BUT WHY DO THEY HAVE A MOVIE ACTOR PLAYING THE PART OF THE PRESIDENT?
IT'S DISGUSTING! ANYONE WHO LOOKS LIKE THAT OUGHT TO BE BANNED!
I GIVE HIM THREE WEEKS!
AND WHERE IS UNCLE VINCENT?
ER... HE SENDS HIS APOLOGIES-- COULDN'T MAKE IT, I'M AFRAID!
D'YOU KNOW VERE DEY KEEP DER BEER?
FORGET THE OKAPI! TRY THIS CHEESECAKE I BROUGHT IT IN WITH ME!
ON YOUR WAY, MEDIA-MAN!
SORRY! MY OWN IMMEDIATE PROBLEM IS HOW TO GET RID OF A JELLYBEAN!

ARE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF, SWEETNESS-- LIGHT OF MY LIFE?
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CITY! I LOVE IT! EVERYONE IS SO FRIENDLY!
Coca-Cola


YOU CHOOSE, BELOVED-- WHATEVER MAKES YOU HAPPY!
I DON'T LIKE THIS... HE SEEMS TO BE GETTING SMALLER AND WEAKER EACH DAY!
TODAY, I BURNED THE HOUSE DOWN!
I WRECKED THE CAR...
...AND SEDUCED YOUR BROTHER! I ALSO PUT POISON IN YOUR COFFEE!
THAT'S THE FINGERBOWL!
THAT'S NICE, DEAR!

THE SITUATION TO KEEP OBSERVATIONIZED WHEN PREPARING A STEAK, BARBEQUE-WISE, IS TO PREVENT DESTABILIZATION OF THE TENDERIZATION PROCESS AND AVERT PREMATURE CONFLAGRATION!

!

IT'S ALRIGHT, MY DEAR-- NO ONE ELSE CAN UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS EITHER!

I HOPE HIS HEALTH CAN STAND UP TO IT!

7TH CAVALRY

MAKES MORE SENSE THAN GETTIN' SHOT!

LIFE IS SWEET FOR HOWARD HUGE-- HE HAS EVERYTHING! MONEY, THE ENVY AND ADMIRATION OF HIS FRIENDS, THE PERFECT WOMAN *AND, EVERY NIGHT,* THE YOUTHFULL BLISS OF EVER GREEN DELIGHTS...

PRINCE RAINIER AND GRACE... ALL THESE PEOPLE...

DON'T LET'S ACCEPT ANY MORE INVITATIONS, HOWIE-- CAN WE STAY AT HOME AND DO ALL THOSE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU SO HAPPY?

OBOY! HAVE YOU GOT IT MADE!

IS SHE ASLEEP, ODDBALL?

YES, SIR, MR HUGE!

THANK HEAVEN! YOU'D BETTER MAKE A RESERVATION FOR ME AT THE REJUVENATION CLINIC IN ZURICH-- I NEED A COMPLETE OVERHAUL!

AND WHILE SWEET CHASTITY HAS THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD FOCUSED FIRMLY UPON HER... IN A DINGY FORGOTTEN BACKWATER OF THE CITY...

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR, BACK, UNHERALDED AND IGNORED, VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN AND CREATOR OF SWEET CHASTITY, CHEWS HIS BACK TEETH AND BROODS BITTERLY ON THE FICKLENESS OF FATE. THE BORING COMPANIONSHIP OF HIS TWO DREARY ASSISTANTS ONLY ADDS TO THE SOURNESS OF HIS SOUL...

HOTEL

EVERY STREET'S A BOO-LEE-VARD IN OLE NOO YOIK

YECH! I CAN'T STAND COCKROACHES!

EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK, IT'S HOWARD HUGE AND SWEET CHASTITY!

IF THERE WAS ANY JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD, I'D BE GETTING THE ADULATION AND ACCLAIM!

MR. HUGE KEEPS US AROUND FOR CHECK-UPS AND TUNE-UPS... YOU'RE LIKE A REPAIRMAN

HE'D NEVER LET ANY NORMAL DOCTER LOOK AT HER

I KNOW! I KNOW!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

HA-HA-HA! HEE-HEE-HEE! I Love...

...BUGS BUNNY!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CINECINECENTROQUATRO STUDIOS IN ROME, AWESOME WELLS, THE GREAT FILM ENTRPRENEUR, HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE...

I AM NOT COME MERELY TO LAY THIS GREAT INDUSTRY THIS FRIEND TH S DIVINE DINOSAUR TO REST NOR DO I WISH TO ENGAGE YOU IN YET ANOTHER MORONIC POST-MORTEM ON ITS CLICHES, ITS LIMITATIONS, ITS FALTERING ILLUSTIONS

TAKE NOTICE! AS A CREATIVE MEDIUM MOTION P CTURES ARE EXHAUSTED, DEAD, POOPED OUT!

YES! AN INDUSTRY THAT ONCE FED SO RAVENOUSLY ON LIFE NOW DODDERS ALONG IN PALLID IMITATION

MY NECK IS KILLIN' ME!

SHHH!

THE HALCYON DAYS OF HOLLYWOOD MAY HAVE PASSED.. THERE'S NO DENYING THAT.. BUT THE SMELL OF DEATH ENRAGES ME . DRIVES ME TO THE DARKEST LIMITS OF MY CREATIVE POWERS. . IT SUMMONS STRANGE IMAGES OF NEW DIMENSIONS IN FILM

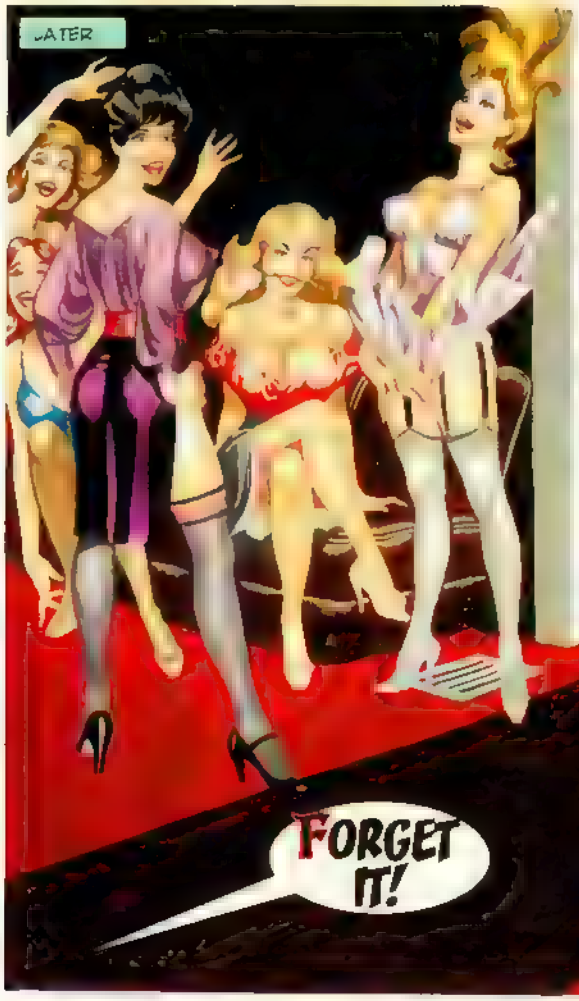
TO MAKE THE GREATEST --- NAY, MOST INCREDIBLE FILM EVER CONCEIVED OF... ONE THAT TRANSCENDS THE VERY MEDIUM ITSELF!!!

YOUR BACKERS ARE HERE, SIR!

AH! THE NEW MEN OF POWER! DID THEY MANAGE TO PARK THEIR CAMELS?

I CAN PROMISE YOU 200% ON YOUR MONEY, COMPLETE BANKING DISCRETION AND

WHEN DO WE GET TO SEE TITS!


LATER
FORGET IT!

HI, CHIEF! JUST TRYIN' OUT-- ER-- AUDITIONING SOME EXTRAS FOR .
WELL-- YOU NEVER KNOW!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST STARS WILL QUEUE FOR THE SMALLEST PART IN THIS FILM, BUT ONLY ONE WOMAN ON EARTH CAN GIVE IT LIFE!!!

SWEET CHASTITY. . NUMBER ONE FEMALE PERSONALITY OF THE CENTURY!
TALK ABOUT THE WRONG MOMENT!
SHHH! HE'S HAVING AN INSPIRATION!
WE MUST ASSUME, HOWEVER, AN UNLATERABLE REFUSAL ON HER PART!

Pin-up by Julie Ball

Penthouse
COSMIX

MEANWHILE IN NEW YORK, SWEET CHASTITY IS RESTLESS. SHE HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED TO RESPOND TO AND PLEASE ONLY HOWARD HUGE AND THEIR MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE IS BLEAK WITHOUT HIM...

OH, I DO MISS DEAR HOWIE, ODDBALL!

HE'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, MISS CHASTITY!

HOWARD HUGE IS IN ZURICH AT MADAME TRUSS' S&M REJUVENATION CLINIC. HE IS RECHARGING BATTERIES WORN FLAT BY THE DEVOTION OF SWEET CHASTITY

WHAT'S ON THE AGENDA TODAY, NURSE?

WELL, FIRST YOU'VE GOT YOUR GOLDEN SHOWER FOLLOWED BY HORMONE INJECTIONS AND LIGHT SPANKING - AFTER LUNCH. PROCAINE H-3, B-COMPLEX, CELL THERAPY, ORGAN IMPLANTS AND STRICT, ENGLISH DISCIPLINE.. AFTER DINNER...

IN A SEEDY, DOWNTOWN HOTEL, VINCENT HAS RECEIVED A SUMMONS.

IT'S FROM AWESOME WELLS! HE WANTS TO TALK TO ME!

AWESOME WELLS-- THE FILM MOGUL? SHOULD I PACK?

HE WANTS TO TALK ABOUT SWEET CHASTITY-- NOT YOU!

HUMPH! AND I REMEMBER WHEN HE MADE WHORE OF THE WORLDS.

THE MEETING...

NOW, FRANKENSTEIN, I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION TO PUT TO YOU. DO YOU HAVE ANY INFLUENCE WITH YOUR NIECE, SWEET CHASTITY?

I...

BEFORE YOU ANSWER THAT QUESTION, I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU WHY I HAVE FLOWN ALL THE WAY FROM ROME TO SPEAK WITH YOU...

MOVE OVER, KID! THIS IS A WALK-ON PART-- YOU'RE HOGGIN' THE FRAME!

I AM ABOUT TO START SHOOTING THE GREATEST MOTION PICTURE OF ALL TIME... THE STORY OF MAN, NOT SOME NAIVE FUNDAMENTALIST CONFECTION, BUT THE REAL STORY OF MAN. THE MOST DANGEROUS CARNIVORE THAT EVER ROAMED THE EARTH!

THE GREATEST WRITERS, ACTORS AND TECHNICTIONAS IN THE WORLD ARE CLAMORING FOR A PIECE OF THE ACTION, BUT THE FILM NEEDS A FOCAL POINT, I.E.: THE FINAL, IRREVERSIBLE TRAGEDY OF MAN AS SYMBOLIZED IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF *SWEET CHASTITY.*

I WANT HER-- AT ANY PRICE! ARE YOU PREPARED TO HELP ME, FRANKENSTEIN?

I HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF INFLUENCE WITH MY NIECE, MR. WELLS, LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!

THE MEETING WITH WELLS IS A TURNING POINT FOR VINCENT. A RAY OF LIGHT ON HIS LIFE'S DREARY PATHWAY. A MOMENT THAT COMES TO US ALL FROM TIME TO TIME WHEN A NEW POSSIBILITY PRESENTS ITSELF. IN A THOUGHTFUL MOOD, HE STROLLS BY THE RIVER...

THERE'S NO USE KIDDING MYSELF-- I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT IN TERMS OF THE RESPECTABLE SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENT!

ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET HOLD OF THE PROTEIN CHIP, REALIGN HER CENTRAL CIRCUIT SYSTEM AND CHANGE THE WORLD!!

I CREATED HER... SHE BELONGS TO ME! TOGETHER, WE COULD MOVE MOUNTAINS... WE COULD CHANGE THE COURSE OF HUMAN HISTORY!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, SWEET CHASTITY HAS SOME UNEXPECTED VISITORS...
WH-WHO IS IT?
IT'S YOUR UNCLE, VINCENT!
UNCLE VINCENT! HOW LOVELY TO SEE YOU-- BUT WHY DON'T YOU USE THE FRONT DOOR?
IT'S A SURPRISE! GIVE YOUR OLD UNCLE A KISS!
CLICK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HER?
YOU AIN'T GONNA TAKE HER TO PIECES ARE YOU?
IDIOT! I'VE JUST IMMOBILIZED HER! SHE NEEDS SOME ADJUSTMENTS! GET HER ONTO THE COUCH!
QUICKLY! MY BAG-- AND BRING A LAMP OVER HERE!
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!
HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET IN HERE?
MY GOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MISS CHASTITY!?
NOW, IGOR! LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE REALLY WORTH THE WAGES I PAY YOU?
GET HIM!
TO BE WORTH THE WAGES HE PAYS ME IS TO BE WORTH NOTHING!
OH! NOT VIOLENCE! I CAN'T STAND VIOLENCE!

HERE'S ONE STRAIGHT OUT OF A JOHN WAYNE MOVIE!
HERE'S ONE YOU WON'T FIND IN A JOHN WAYNE MOVIE!
HAVEN'T WE GOT ENOUGH VIOLENCE ON TV? DO WE HAVE TO HAVE IT IN PENTHOUSE COMIX NOW?

DONE!! LET'S GO! I'VE COMPLETELY REPROGRAMMED HER PRINCIPAL INTERESTS, AMBITIONS AND SEXUAL ROLE
SHE WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS WHEN SHE WAKES UP!
I THINK MY EYEBROWS NEED PLUCKING!

I'VE STRUCK A BALANCE BETWEEN JUNG AND FREUD. BUT HER PERSONALITY IS STILL FRAGILE AND INDEFINITE... MUSTN'T OVERDO IT!
I WISH HE'D FORGET ALL THIS NONSENSE AND SET UP AS A DENTIST! WE COULD ALL BE SITTING PRETTY!

Burlesque
BAR
COCKTAILS
KING
HOT DOG
HOT PRETZELS
MAKIN' AN HONEST BUCK IN THIS TOWN DOESN'T GET ANY EASIER!

HOWARD HUGE THROBBING WITH ANTICIPATION, A REJUVENTATED METABOLISM AND SEVERAL FRESH ORGANS, ARRIVES HOME...
PUT THE BAGS DOWN THERE!
YOO-HOO! CHASTITY! ODDBALL! I'M BACK!
MY BEAUTIFUL MAN!
MY PERFECT WOMAN!

?

CHASTITY!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WILL SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?!!

ODDBALL! WHERE'S ODDBALL?

YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS,CHIEF-- RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OFINTERSTATE 13-- THE BIGGEST ORGY YOU EVER SAW! CARS AND PEOPLE STREWN ALL OVER THE PLACE--TRAFFIC ALREADY BACKED UP 8-10 MILES!
YEAH! THEY SAY SOME WOMAN WITH PINK HAIR RAN AMOK!
GET A GRIP, KOWALSKY-- HELP IS ON THE WAY!
15 YEARS ON THE FORCE! NOW I REALLY HAVE SEEN IT ALL!
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH!
SO, OKAY-- YOU WENT TO COLLEGE!

AND IN HIS LONELY PENTHOUSE PAD, HOWARD HUGE, A BROKEN MAN, CONTEMPLATES HIS SHATTERED DREAM WORLD.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT-- SHE JUST TOOK OFF!

SOMETH NG TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO HER!

TRY NOT TO WORRY, MR. HUGE, IF SHE'S IN NEW YORK, WE'LL FIND HER!

AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF ODDBALL!

IN A DESERTED ALLEY AMIDST THE DETRITUS OF THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY, A BATTERED FIGURE STIRS...

GROAN!

. AND DRAGS ITSELF PAINFULLY ALONG THE STREET TO THE HOWARD HUGE RESIDENCE...

ODDBALL!

IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN-- WHAT HAPPENED?

WHO DID THIS TO YOU? WHERE'S CHASTITY?

IGOR... FRANKENSTEIN...

THEY WERE HERE?

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT!

HE'S BEEN TAMPERING WITH HER!

BY GOD! I'LL MAKE HIM SUFFER FOR THIS!

ROME, A FEW WEEK'S LATER.

LOOK AT THE WAY SHE HANDLES THE PRESS! THE FANS! EVERYONE *ADORES* HER! IT'S AS THOUGH SHE WAS *CREATED* FOR STARDOM!

SHE WAS!

MANIPULATED AND CAREFULLY PROGRAMMED BY VINCENT, SWEET CHASTITY TAKES AWESOME WELLS AND THE ITALIAN CAPITAL BY STORM! -AND THE 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN REVELS IN THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE OF THE POWER HE NOW WIELDS THOUGH HIS DIVINELY BEAUTIFUL CREATION.

SUCH POISE! SUCH ANIMAL MAGNETISM! IF THE SCREEN TESTS ARE ANYTHING NEAR THE LIVING FLESH

THAT WOMAN CAN HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD SHE DESIRES!

AND SO...

IT'S ELECTRIFYING! PURE MAGIC!

THIS IS THE BIGGEST SENSATION TO HIT THE SCREEN IN THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES!

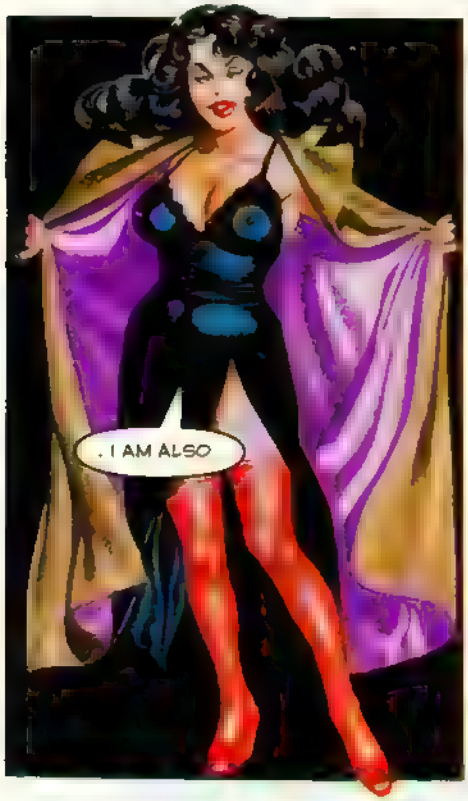
I WANT THE BIGGEST PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN EVER MOUNTED! I WANT SATURATION PRESS COVERAGE! SPARE NO EXPENSE-- GIVE ME MAXIMUM MEDIA EXPOSURE!

WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH VINCENT HAS MADE IT BUSINESS MANAGER TO CHASTITY! IT'S LIKE BEING GIVEN THE KEYS TO A BANK!
THIS IS HEADY WINE! POWER, PRESTIGE, MONEY-- I LIKE IT!
FABERGE ON THE PHONE, SIR-- AND ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE WAITING TO SEE YOU!

AND BATHING IN THE LIGHT OF REFLECTED GLORY, VINCENT'S TWO ASSISTANTS ARE RIDING HIGH...
COULD YOU REALLY GET ME INTO FILMS, MR VAIN?
I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH BERTOLUCCI, COPPOLA AND PERHAPS KUBRICK! COME UP TO MY ROOM TONIGHT AND WE'LL DISCUSS IT FURTHER!

IGOR, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW, IS WELL ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY AFTER HIS TITANIC CLASH WITH ODDBALL
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! THE ONLY THING THAT TURNS HIM ON IS BUGS BUNNY!

AWESOME WELLS' PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN REACHES THE BREAKFAST TABLE OF HOWARD HUGE
ENTER FUMAN JU, EX-HEAD OF ISRAEL INTELLIGENCE-- THE MOST LETHAL MIND IN COUNTER ESPIONAGE...
ODDBALL! HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS?
FRANKENSTEIN HAS SOLD ME OUT! CHASTITY'S MAKING A FILM IN ROME! GET FUMAN JU HERE-- RIGHT NOW!
THAT WOMAN COST ME A BILLION DOLLARS! I WANT HER BACK!
THAT'S EXPENSIVE PUSSY-- IF YOU'LL PARDON ME FOR SAYING SO?
LEAVE IT TO ME, MR HUGE! NOT ONLY AM I THE BEST UNDERCOVER AGENT IN THE BUSINESS


. I AM ALSO

A MASTER

OF DISGUISE

FANTASTIC!
AMAZING!
OF COURSE IT'S FANTASTIC AND AMAZING! NO SHMUTTER -- YOU'RE BUYING QUALITY! YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME!

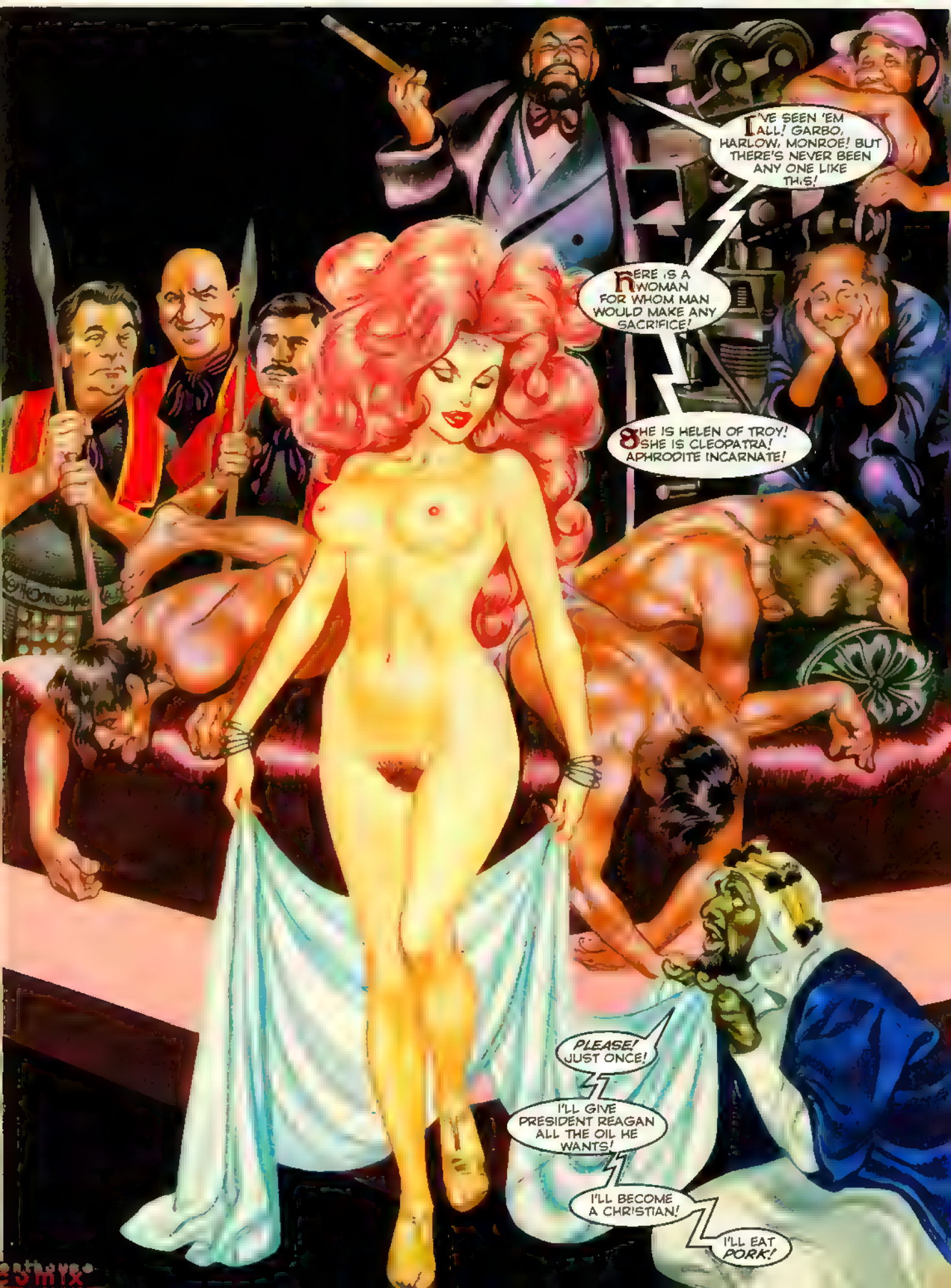
AND FAR AWAY IN REMOTE TRANSYLVANIA, AT CASTLE DREER, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE FRANKENSTEINS. ELECTRA, VINCENT'S NEGLECTED WIFE, AWAKES EARLY...

YOU CALLED, BARONESS?

GIVE HIM HIS BUS FARE BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND BRING ME THE MORNING PAPERS!

Pin-up by Boris Vallejo

penthouse comix


I'VE SEEN 'EM ALL! GARBO, HARLOW, MONROE! BUT THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY ONE LIKE THIS!
HERE IS A WOMAN FOR WHOM MAN WOULD MAKE ANY SACRIFICE!
SHE IS HELEN OF TROY! SHE IS CLEOPATRA! APHRODITE INCARNATE!
PLEASE! JUST ONCE!
I'LL GIVE PRESIDENT REAGAN ALL THE OIL HE WANTS!
I'LL BECOME A CHRISTIAN!
I'LL EAT PORK!

WHILE SWEET CHASTITY BRINGS HISTORY TO PASSIONATE LIFE ON THE STUDIO SET...

THE TURKISH CAMEL CORPS DO NOT TAKE SECOND PLACE TO A BUNCH OF LAYABOUTS!

GENTLEMEN! COOL IT, PLEASE!

WHO CALLS THE GREEK MARINES LAYABOUTS!?

...UNIT TWO RECREATES THE WORLD'S DECISIVE BATTLES WITH THE ENTIRE TURKISH, SERBO CROAT AND GREEK ARMIES AS EXTRAS.

THE FRONT RANK IS FOR THE SERBO CROAT LIFE GUARDS!

YOU KEEP YOUR GREAT NOSE OUT OF THIS!

HERE WE GO AGAIN! WHICH SHOP STEWARD DO WE NEED NOW?

MR. WELLS! WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM! THEY'RE FIGHTING-- FOR REAL!

KEEP THE CAMERA TURNING!

THERE YOU HAVE THE MASSES CONSISTENT CONTRIBUTION TO HUMAN HISTORY--

VIOLENCE AND PREJUDICE! HOW THEY LOVE IT!

YOU CAN CAMOUFLAGE IT WITH IDEALISM AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE-- *THAT* IS THE *REAL* FACE OF MAN!

FAR REMOVED FROM THE CREATIVE SIDE OF FILM MAKING AND THE PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS OF AWESOME WELLS, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN IS FAST LEARNING THE ADMINISTRATIVE SIDE OF THE BUSINESS...

YOU WERE SAYING, BARON-- TRANSFER HOW MUCH TO YOUR SWISS BANK ACCOUNT?

TELEGRAM.. SIR!

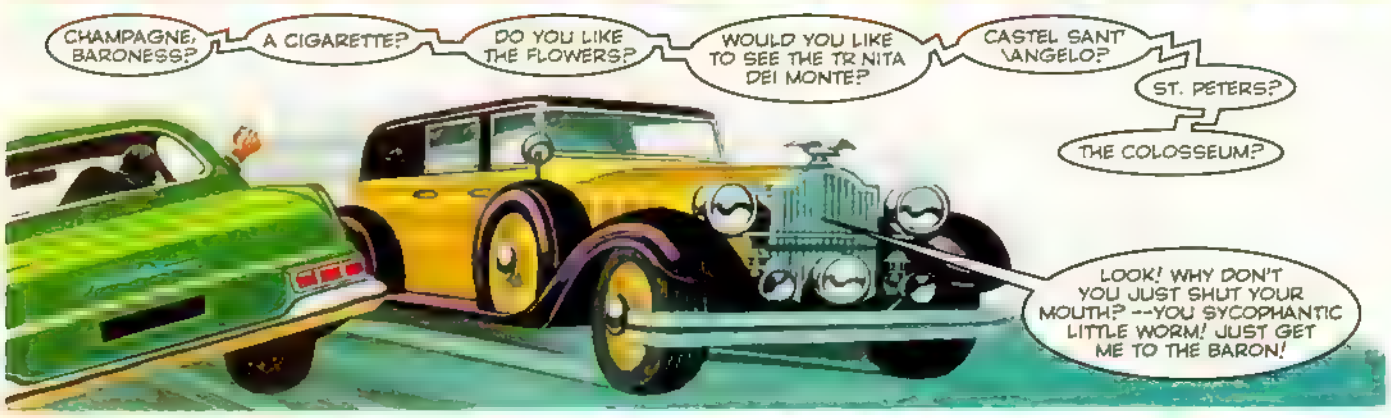
OH, MY GOD! IT'S FROM CASTLE DREER!

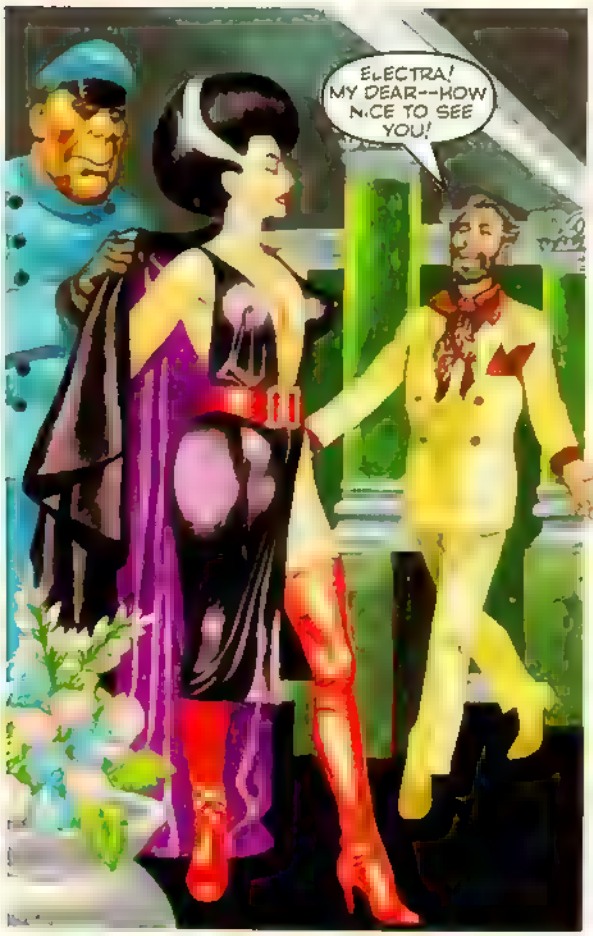
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME! I'VE BEEN HERE 3 MONTHS AND I'M STILL TYPING LETTERS!

WHAT'S HAPPENING!
ON YOUR FEET!!
I AM SICK OF LIVING MY LIFE IN A PERMANENT STATE OF CRISIS!

I'VE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS ASSOCIATES WATIING BACK THERE!
I WUZ WATCHIN' BUGS BU-- GULP!
SHUTUP! 'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE SQUALID DETAILS OF YOUR SORDID LITTLE LIVES!
MY WIFE-- ELECTRA! SHE'S ON HER WAY HERE! NOW LISTEN-- CAREFULLY! HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO!

ROME AIRPORT, THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
WELL, WELL, IGOR-- JOHN VAIN, THE BURKE AND HARE OF CASTLE DREER! I WON'T ASK YOU HOW YOU KNEW I WAS COMING-- SOME CREEP AT THE CASTLE OBVIOUSLY WARNED YOU!
THE BARON IS DELIGHTED, BARONESS-ON HIS BEHALF, I WELCOME YOU!
THE CAR AWAITS YOU!


CHAMPAGNE, BARONESS?
A CIGARETTE?
DO YOU LIKE THE FLOWERS?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE TR NITA DEI MONTE?
CASTEL SANT' VANGELO?
ST. PETERS?
THE COLOSSEUM?
LOOK! WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT YOUR MOUTH? --YOU SYCOPHANTIC LITTLE WORM! JUST GET ME TO THE BARON!


ELECTRA! MY DEAR--HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!

MY FAMILY WARNED ME ABOUT MARRYING YOU!
THEY SAID THE FRANKENSTEINS WERE A BUNCH OF DEGENERATES!
NOW WHERE IS THIS WOMAN--THIS SO-CALLED NIECE OF YOURS?

JUST CALM YOURSELF FOR A MOMENT-- I CAN EXPLAIN!
STENING!
JUST LOOK IN THE NEXT ROOM

YOU'LL SEE THAT 'VE GONE TO GREAT PAINS TO SEE THAT YOUR VISIT TO ROME IS A HAPPY ONE!
FOR ME?

SWEET CHASTITY IS THE HOTTEST PROPERTY IN MOTION PICTIRUES! I SHOULD, AS HER BUSINESS MANAGER MAKE SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS!
VINCENT! IF SHE'S WORTH ALL THIS-- OKAY. SHE'S YOUR NIECE!

I KNOW YOU MUST BE BUSY, DEAR-- SO DON'T LET ME KEEP YOU! TELL SWEET CHASTITY THAT *AUNTIE* ELECTRA SENDS HER LOVE!

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, BARON?
FOR THE MOMENT-- YES!
WELL, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME-- YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH IMPORTANT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO!

BUT EVERYTHING IS FAR FROM ALL RIGHT! IN THE EXCITEMENT YOU PROBABLY MISSED SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. IF YOU LOOK BACK TWO PAGES AND OBSERVE THE PEOPLE LEAVING THE PLANE AT ROME AIRPORT...
APART FROM THE USUAL 14 HOUR DELAY, INDIFFERENT SERVICE AND LOUSY FOOD, THAT WAS QUITE A PLEASANT TRIP!
YES! THE SINISTER FIGURE OF FUMAN JU, EX-HEAD OF ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE! THE MASTER SPY HIRED BY HOWARD HUGE TO BRING SWEET CHASTITY BACK TO HIM!

BUT WHERE IS HE NOW? IS HE ALREADY ON THE SET SOMEWHERE?
THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY, BUSTER!

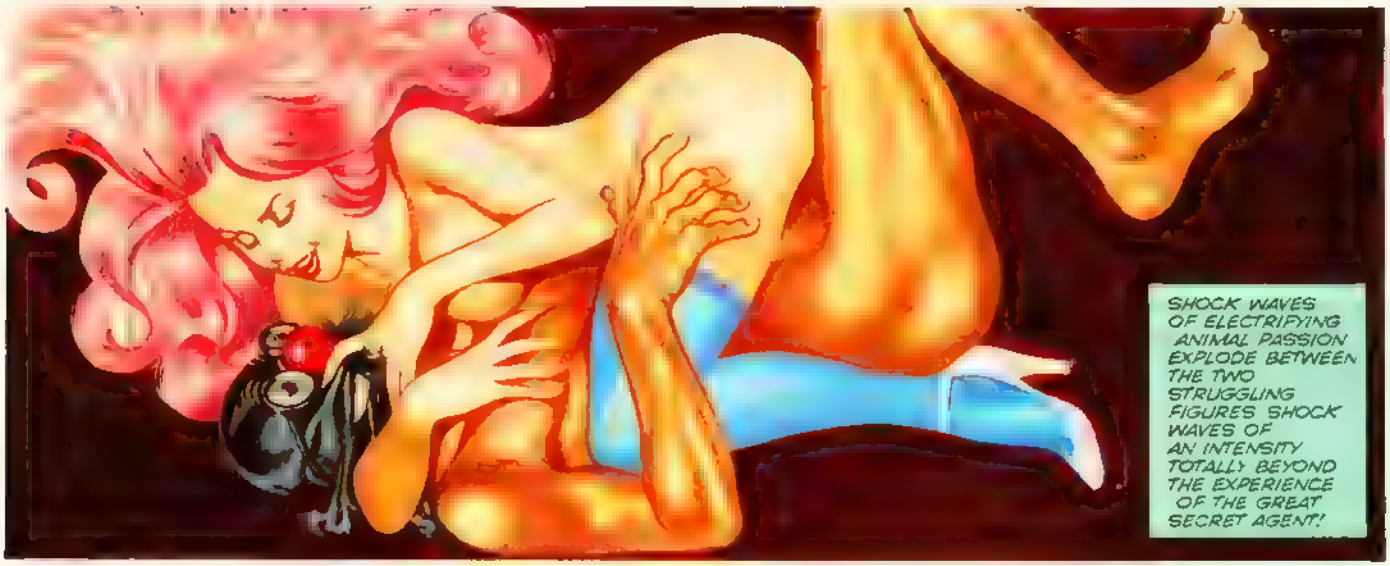
HE'S A MASTER OF DISGUISE! HE COULD BE ANYWHERE!
IF YOU WANT A PIECE OF THE ACTION, PULL UP A CHAIR!
IF NOT, GET LOST!

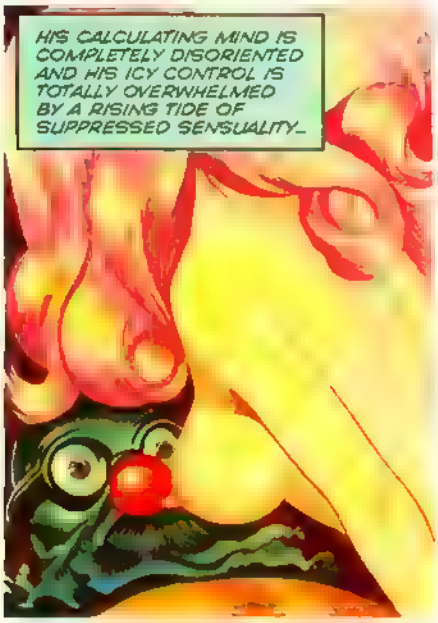
HE'S COULD BE ANYONE!
READY FOR YOUR MASSAGE, DUCKY? YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED AFTER ALL THOSE STRENUOUS SEX SCENES?
IT CAN BE A BIT TIRING, BUT UNCLE VINCENT SAYS A FILM STAR HAS A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PUBLIC AND SHOULD CONSIDER THEM FIRST!

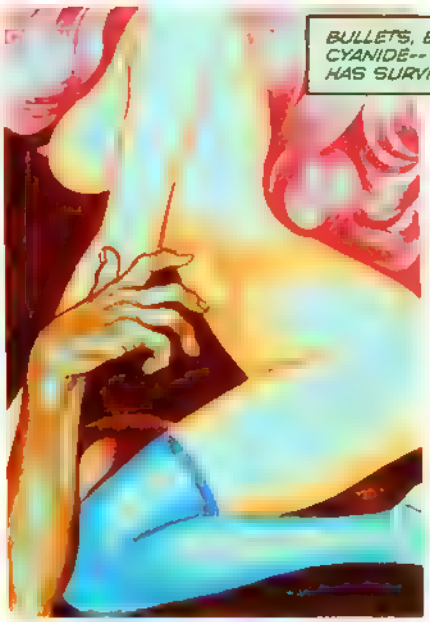
NOT AT THE MOMENT, THANKS--I'VE GOT TO READ TOMORROW'S SHOOTING SCRIPT

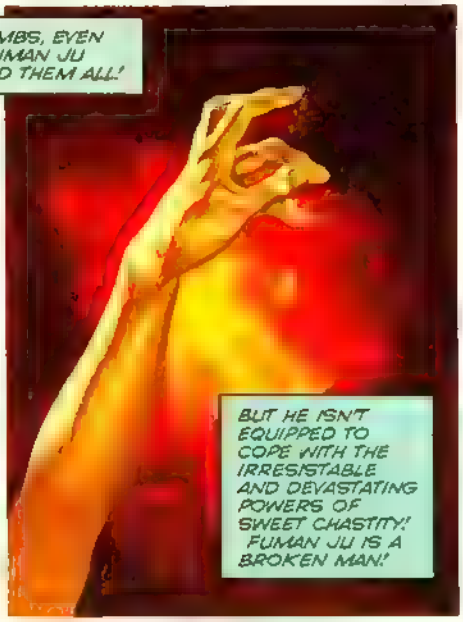
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON THIS SCRIPT! I FEEL SORT OF RESTLESS!
I'M BORED! FILM MAKING IS SO MONOTONOUS! SO RESTRICTING!
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GET DRESSED AND GETDOWN TO THE SET I DON'T WANT TO UPSET UNCLE VINCENT AND MR. WELLS!
BUT AS OUR HEROINE, SOMEWHAT RELUCTANTLY, PREPARES FOR THE DAY'S WORK, THERE IS A SLIGHT MOVEMENT AMONG HER DRESSES IN THE WARDROBE...

FUMAN JU SEES HIS CHANCE TO RETRIEVE CHASTITY...
CLICK!
THE SECRET AGENT'S HANDS GRASP THE BACK OF CHASTITY'S NECK AND HIS THUMBS UNWITTINGLY PRESS AGAINST THE TINY DYNA-RAM COMPUTER CONTROL LINKED TO HER BRAIN CELLS
THE DELICATELY BALANCED PSYCHE RECEIVES A MINUTE SHOCK SEVERAL THOUSAND TINY ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS ARE REDIRECTED, CREATING AN INSTANT PERSONALITY CHANGE!

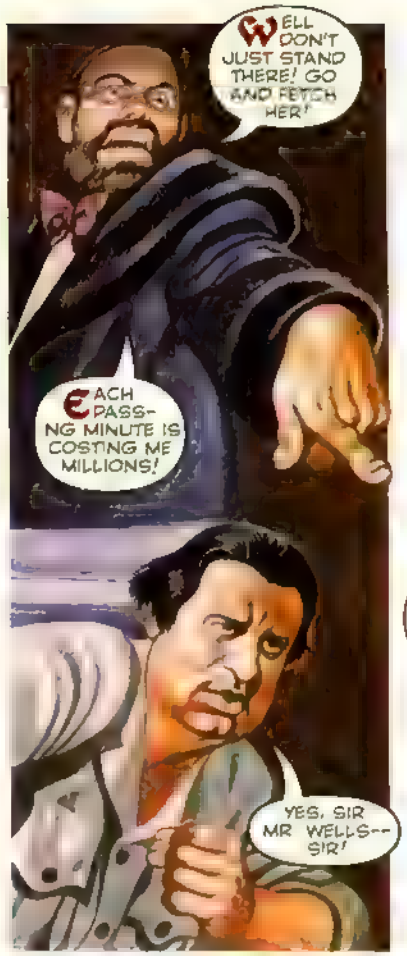

SHOCK WAVES OF ELECTRIFYING ANIMAL PASSION EXPLODE BETWEEN THE TWO STRUGGLING FIGURES SHOCK WAVES OF AN INTENSITY TOTALLY BEYOND THE EXPERIENCE OF THE GREAT SECRET AGENT!


HIS CALCULATING MIND IS COMPLETELY DISORIENTED AND HIS ICY CONTROL IS TOTALLY OVERWHELMED BY A RISING TIDE OF SUPPRESSED SENSUALITY...


BULLETS, BOMBS, EVEN CYANIDE-- FUMAN JU HAS SURVIVED THEM ALL!


BUT HE ISN'T EQUIPPED TO COPE WITH THE IRRESISTABLE AND DEVASTATING POWERS OF SWEET CHASTITY! FUMAN JU IS A BROKEN MAN!

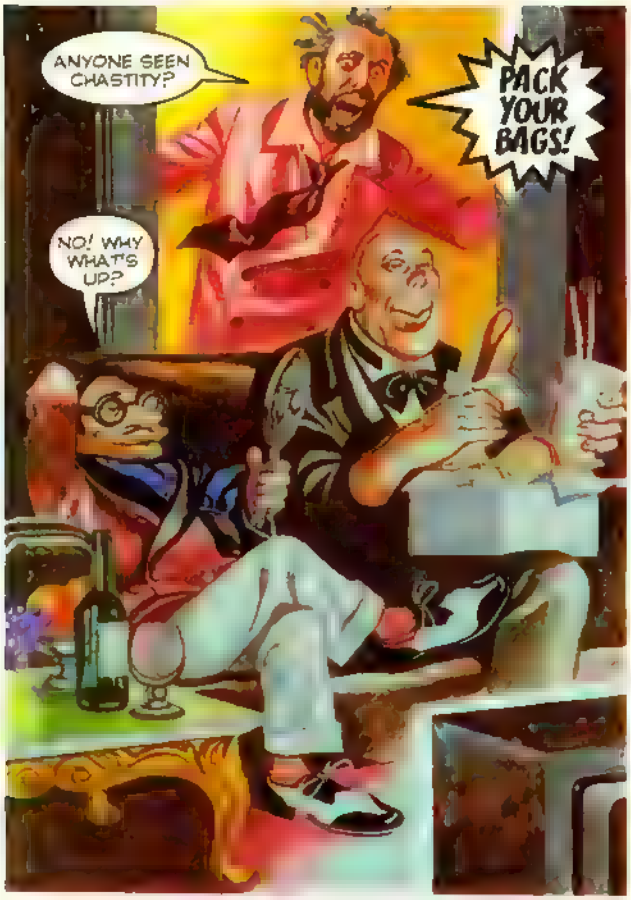
ON THE SET, THE GREAT MAN PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY...
WHERE THE HELL IS SHE?
RESTLESSLY? NO, THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT! IT'S BEYOND HIS EXPERIENCE TO BE KEPT WAITING-- BY ANYONE!


WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GO AND FETCH HER!
EACH PASSING MINUTE IS COSTING ME MILLIONS!
YES, SIR MR WELLS-- SIR!

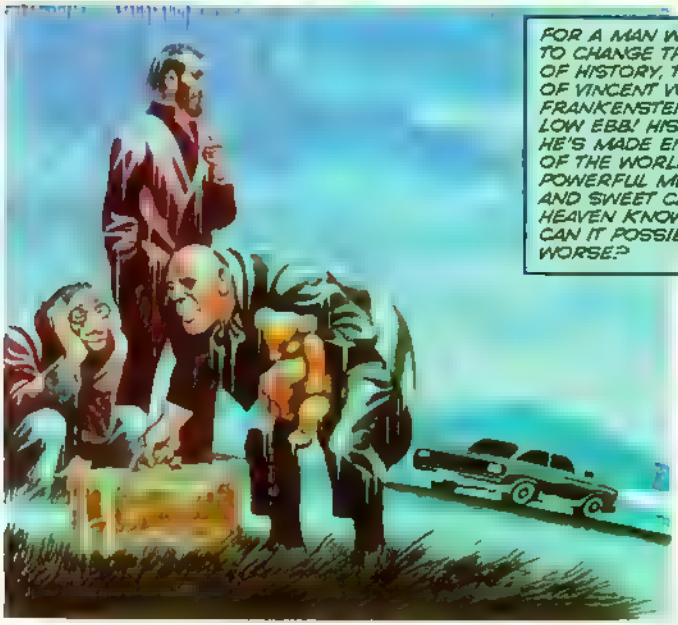
R SHE'S NOT THERE
SPEAK UP, MAN!
SHE'S NOT IN HER APARTMENT! THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER -- SHE'S DISAPPEARED!
DISAPPEARED? SHE CAN'T DIS-APPEAR! SHE'S UNDER CONTRACT TO ME!

WHO THE HELL IS THAT? WHAT'S THAT CLOWN DOING IN HER APARTMENT?
I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

SWEET CHASTITY HAS GONE-- AND THERE'S A BABBLING MANIAC IN HER BED! NOW DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO ME FRANKENSTEIN!
THE ENTIE ARAB WORLD OIL REVENUES ARE TIED UP IN THIS FILM! EVERY WASTED MINUTE IS POURING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS DOWN THE DRAIN!
I WANT CHASTITY HERE--RIGHT NOW! FIND HER-- THIS MINUTE-- OR MY WRATH, WHICH IS COSMIC AND TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD, IS GOING TO DESCEND ABOUT YOUR EARS!



penthouse comix



FOR A MAN WHO SET OUT TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY, THE FORTUNES OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN ARE AT A LOW EBB! HIS SHOES LEAK. HE'S MADE ENEMIES OF TWO OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MEN, HE'S BROKE AND SWEET CHASTITY IS-- HEAVEN KNOWS WHERE!? CAN IT POSSIBLY GET ANY WORSE?

Sweet Chastity continues next month!

THE LOST WORLD
OF DINOSAUR SEX

by Ken Eubleton

PENTHOUSE COMIX, IN ITS CONTINUING REACH FOR EDUCATIONAL HEIGHTS, IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE EXCLUSIVE PRESENTATION OF THE FINDINGS OF THE EMINENT PALEO-ANTHROPOLOGIST AND ARCHEOLOGIST, DOCTOR I. M. PULLDONG OF THE NEVADA INSTITUTE OF PALEO-ANTHROPOLOGY. HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE, ARE THE REMARKABLE FINDINGS OF DR. PULLDONG AND HIS 50 YEAR STUDY OF THE MATING HABITS OF THE DINOSAURS.

RAWRIMTOUCHASAUR

was found with several bunches of weeds tossed casually around its copulating pit. The makeshift bundle was apparently wrapped in a jute variant that appeared to have been burned at one end, suggesting a tendency to copulate during lightning storm.

GRUNTINGLITTLEBASTARDASAUR

The most prolific of the smaller sauroids, was known to continually mate for most of the year, pausing only for meals or to clean out its den and repair the roof only when the female of the species began bleating.

STRONGER LITTASAURUS

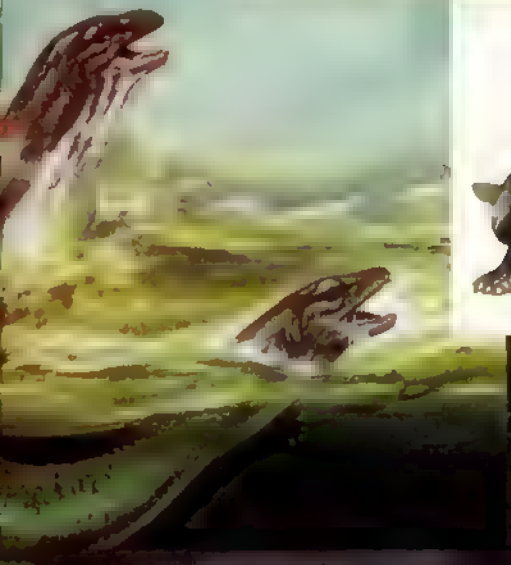
Primarily mates aquatically, and has yielded evidence of a very slow, prolonged sex act. Entire large pools have dried up from the frothy copulation of these leviathans. Several species seem to congregate to bathe in the shoreline wave action during conjucation season.

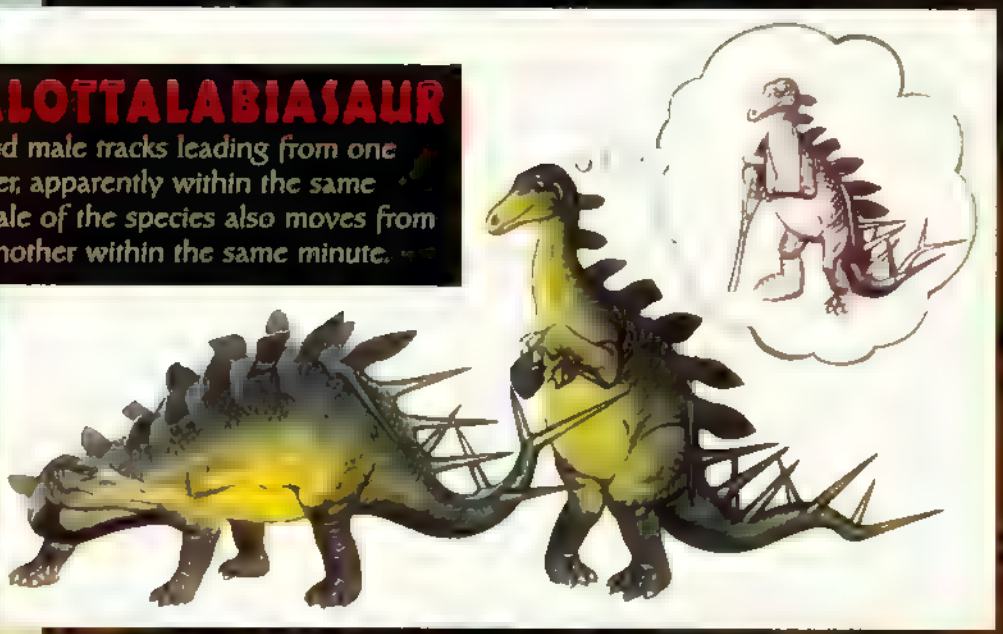
FLUDEROVOUSAURUS

females demonstrate remarkable predilections toward anal sex. The effect their diet of untrimmed tree trunks and the small, but very spiney, porkyahmotherus (litrally, 'shit for brains') had on their mates' penises is a matter of great speculation.

GHERBALOTTALABIASAUR

has demonstrated male tracks leading from one female to another, apparently within the same minute. The female of the species also moves from one female to another within the same minute.





HUMONGACOCKABANGMETILLISAURUS

The most frighteningly equipped sauroid biped, with penises almost as long as they were tall, or 38 feet, were known to only copulate with their mates twice a year. The reason why is still a matter of great scientific debate, but all indications suggest that the ejaculatory flood took a lot out of the male of the species.

Hot Heels

by Eva Morris

Diary of a road-babe

"Sex and pleasure are my major kicks, get me in a fight; I like the dirty tricks."—*Heavy Fuel*, Dire Straits

The Perfect Example: blowing up a defective rental car instead of letting it blow me up.

"MY CAR! MY CAR!" I yelled as it went up in flames, just like I was supposed to. "My car! My car!" I cried out earlier, coming over the sound of my trucker-adviser's words. He repeated the instructions to me twice in a low monotone. I came because the plan was such perfect revenge, it was a wild, unexpected aphrodisiac.

He taught me something important that day. "There's always a different way to do something — look for it." He could've been looking at the different ways he'd do me when he was saying it. As long as we got to the point, who cared?

Truckers have a lot of time to think about things. Being prepared for the rare hot sex bout with a blonde road babe is one they will have thought about a million times. While he was advising me, I wondered, could he have known that, pretty soon, I would be spending over three hours in that cab? Yes; I think he had the afternoon's activities all planned out.

It was as rich an experience as I've had. I was grateful for every sweet, pussy-worshipping, sharing-our-secret-plan-of-action, road-warrior, on-the-edge second! As it happened, I was really horny, too.

I was sweaty and wound-up, too spent from raw anger to defend my honor, which is the perfect clay for a good fuck. I'd be lovin' anything I got. Lucky me, I got an 8-inch long, twisted dick, as thick around as a can of tomato paste.

MICHAEL LOPEZ

"Oh, my god! Can you fit it in?" I squealed as he tried.

Oh man, when I saw that I went all static-electric inside my head and little bolts of electricity went up and down the hungry little cock-silo walls of my pussy.

"Oh, my god! Can you fit it in?" I squealed as he tried. Twisted Dick — his CB handle — had a crooked cock! That bent cock going into a tight twat — with some surprising angles all its own — had me hooked! Literally! It was like being fucked by a big Siberian wolf dog. I was actually getting off on some embarrassing fantasies of being raped by a run-away gorilla when my body bucked and I came. My eyes rolled back inside my head. Does it matter how you get there as long as you get there?

IN A TEXAS DESERT, Avis had really let me down. Their bullshit Hot Line tried to keep me there. "Cunt!" I yelled at the representative and hung up with a slam. I re-dialed, and after a brief argument with yet someone else, yelled again, "You god-damned CUNT!" I was forced into the realization that they wouldn't be helping me out. Their car having a gas leak — which I found by accident when one of their tire rims became unbalanced forcing me to the side of the road — and was now my problem. Well, fuck this!

I hitch-hiked to a truckstop diner that was, like, 100 miles away, looking like a total dope in a polka-dot miniskirt and covered with sweat. I yelled at my lawyer in New York on the phone that's installed on tables that truckstops have for trying times like these.

Not having much of a plan after that, I continued to yell at my lawyer. I was going to get on the CB radio and tell the whole, wide truck-driving world that "whoever gets here first gets me!" Then live with the result for a while. I mean, how difficult could it be? Any guy in the world, even Jeffrey Dahmer, would invite me in, hand me a cold one, light up a bowl and say, "Stay as long as you'd like, Eva." As long as I was nice to him — he'd be nice to me; that's how boys are. If he deserved my sweet booty he'd be downright accommodating — I know that! Jesus; there are some sure things in this crazy, crazy world — a month with me is a month of pleasure.

Then, phase two: Some time later, when things get dull at the ranch, I'd walk into an Avis and tell the clerk behind the counter about how I was kidnapped by two redneck, immigrant serial-killers who fucked me this way and that and in the ass a couple of times, too. And I'd say it's all Avis's fault! I figure I'd net 5-6 million dollars and teach them a lesson.

My lawyer said it would be an "uphill battle." He made it clear that he didn't think it was half as great an idea as I did. But he didn't have any good ideas for getting myself and my traveling companion basset hound, Rover, to California sans car, either. The Avis manager in New York City could only suggest that I hitch-hike to Gallop, New Mexico. From Texas.

This was when Twisted Dick walked into my life. I was so angry I was shaking. My personal spark plug wires were mismatched and I saw red. I was just about to fucking self-destruct when a very good-looking, packed-tight-into-his-jeans trucker with a wide, mahogany-colored mustache sat lightly on the corner of my table and in a voice from a David Lynch movie, quietly suggested that I take a little walk outside.

Well, this has to be some kind of a sign, doesn't it? I thought. I picked up my coffee and walked out with him. We walked and I sipped. He said, "If you were my daughter and you were on your way out to college and your rental car broke down in the middle of the desert and the rental company wouldn't come get you, do you know what I'd do to them?"

Even before he continued, I knew I was going to fuck this man. To give him the best I have as thanks. Because he was on my wavelength and he cared. He had an idea that was fated to go down perfectly. So was I. I was all ears and hot throbbing pussy.

"I'd pull off a spark plug

wire from the plug nearest to the gas line," he went on, "and lay it against the engine block so it has a ground. Then, I'd put a pin hole in the gas line so it sprays over to where the spark plug is. I'd do it down at the next truckstop, across the state line."

"You're kidding! And then what?"

"I'd make sure I was ten yards away because, in thirty seconds, it's gonna blow."

I thought, I'm gonna blow you!

It's a real high to be able to say, "Oh, yeah, Mr. Nation-wide Car Rental Chain? Well, what about this?" and suddenly show the mean world a winning hand. "What do I do when it goes up in flames? Call the fire department?"

"No, Honey. This is what you do: you yell, 'My car! My car!' It's at a fuel island... they'll take care of it, trust me."

"IT'S A HARD JOB, but somebody's got to do it," he said quietly, while he kept pumping away in me. His stroke was smooth, heavy and solid. He moved and thrust like a slow-idling diesel engine.

"Oh yeah, baby," I had to agree. He'd had to slide into me at an angle and then straighten himself out! I felt a big python digging its nose into places yet undiscovered by man. I thought, for a brief insightful second, that my road babe lifestyle was like that: It's a hard job, but somebody's got to do it! Driving 'Pleasure' — my '81 Alfa Romeo Spider Veloce, Driving hard, Driving my life, Driving down dreams, Driving men — and women! — wild, Driving towards where I want to go.

This life I lead is not for everyone, but it's great for me.

Sex with truckdrivers? Sex with big, burly, sex-starved, instantly-aroused, strong, tough, masculine he-men who smell faintly of motor-oil? Any time! I was hooked (ahem!). I was certainly hooked on Twisted. He had size and hardly had to move at all in me. He was nestled in somewhere tight. He felt so all-filling that just to have him there was keeping my engine hot and very well lubricated. His size made me moan. I was a creme puff over-stuffed by that big nozzle injector with the sweet stuff in it.

In the middle of a fit of pleasure — the pleasure of wet sex, the dirty sinful pleasure of losing my "virginity" to a trucker with a mustache and tight jeans, the pleasure of saying, "Don't tread on me!" to the big-business scum-bags who try to fuck with everybody — right dead center smack-in-the-middle of pleasure, pleasure, pleasure — I realized that "What Ever Eva Wants— Eva Gets." And that changed me, too. Everybody wants to have control over their own destiny. I'm no different.

An appreciation for my own freedom wasn't handed to me. I'd never even thought about it. I thought it only pertained to things like eagles and prisoners. Actually, I was being a smart-ass the day I quoted a line from some movie to a trucker with the handle Stretch. "Tie me up, baby — just don't tie me down." Though I forget what the question was, I wish it'd never been asked.

"Yeah!?" he said. When we next pulled off the road, he did the "tie me up" part to me. He tied me to a big square box full of frozen steaks in an air-conditioned locker in back. He used duct tape on me. He even put a Ping-Pong ball in my mouth and taped over it. Boy, did I feel stupid. I had actually asked for it.

"Say it again..." he breathed hotly in my ear. "Say it again, girl. Maximize..."

"It's like pleasure— it builds, getting bigger and bigger! Maximize what's positive..."

"What are you thinking now?" he wondered.

"I believe that to be tenacious, to persevere— to... "Don't Give Up" is the key-important thing. Do what you wanna do. Y'know? Do it till it's done..."

"Slurp, slurp," Stretch never did like to give up. He ate me forever and ever. His night-school lessons in "Maximizing Positives and Minimizing Negatives" are well taught. I go to him when I get a little rusty.

"Eva, did I ever tell you, you have great 'word of mouth,'" he grinned at me over after-sex coffee somewhere in Delaware. "Both you and your newsletter have a good 'spread'." I licked my full red lips and smiled. My Road Babe Newsletter Network was working. Stretch was complimenting my advertising, I think.

I DON'T HAVE MANY roadside boffing stories, but the one that will stand as a high-water mark for a long time was the one with Chevie Man and his white Vette. I had my CB ears on one glorious horny day in Ohio when I heard a voice talking about specific engine trouble in his Corvette. There was some chatter and I chimed in and got his handle: Chevie Man. We talked engines for a bit and I could feel some familiar sensations in my loins. Nothing twists my pretzel like nit-picking talk about a blown-out and blueprinted Chevie 440 with turbocharging. I was just getting his -20 when I could see him in his white Vette at the back of a truckstop. I pulled off and rolled my own

I was all ears and hot throbbing pussy.

Alfa Romeo Spyder Veloce over. I stepped out of Pleasure and let Chevie Man take in my lanky, full-breasted form. I made the most of what my snakeskin cowboy boots did to my butt.

Chevie Man wasn't doing too badly himself. A rangy raw-boned cowboy with laser-piercing blue eyes and bandit mustache. There was a lot of promise in that man.

I passed some time with Chevie Man and some quality bud. Chevie was buttoning up the timing assembly and I helped. Several friendly truckers parked perfectly around us to enclose us and hide our work from the road. They put in their two cents, loaned us tools and vanished to the diner. Chevie Man and I were getting greasy and a little close under the hood. When that 440 turned over I felt a familiar flush come over me. It must have showed, for Chevie Man was just inches away and looking at me just right. Our hands leaped all over each other and I was panting in need.

Chevie Man had what I needed. Not the biggest cock I ever saw, but maybe the hardest. I joked that the chrome had been worn off, but I wasn't laughing as I hung onto the rigid ball hitch that was his dick. My butt was up on the right front quarterpanel grease apron and I guided his tool-steel-hard rod into the first few inches of my well-lubed shaft. I was hot enough to get off quickly on those first few inches above my fist and then let him slide in to the firewall. The heat radiated off the engine below my back. He held me up securely while settling down to solid fucking.

I had my ankles around his solid butt and somehow he knew I was boiling over for a second runout when he reached to the side of the big carb and throttled the engine. The big RPMs shimmied my butt on the hood but I was checked by his perfect thrusting. I hung onto the open hood and rode at the crest of a throbbing Chevie orgasm. He just kept running that big block up and down and I had one great ride without going anywhere.

MY FRIENDS STILL TALK about when The Big Man came to visit me in New York City. I was so glad to see him! The doorman brought him up. The doorman didn't have to ask him where he was going. He was very, very obviously, a trucker. Big kiss at the door. He had some nice bud for me. I smoked it while he took in my short-shorts and white cut-off T-shirt. My mind was wrestling something down. "Where did you park?" I asked him, knowing that in New York there is no place to park a car, let alone an 18-wheeler.

"Oh, in front."

"In front? On 23rd Street? There's no parking there!" I leaned out the window. There was his rig. He'd just 'parked' it. He yawned at me. "What are they gonna do— tow it?" he asked. Good point. Where you park yourself you can call your home.

THE DAY I KNEW I was a legend was the proudest day of my Road life. I was cruising down the road and I approached a herd of trucks, thinking to flash them. I heard a CB voice come on, saying: "Do you know who that is approaching you? That's Eva!"

"Eva Morris?" Somebody asked, sounding incredulous. They were all wide awake now. "You mean the one who wrote the book?" He obviously had "the book." That's how he knew of me.

I knew I was the Road Babe when the lead-dog trucker's voice called out clearly, very hopefully, "Bad Girl, do you have your ears on?" I had a smile from on from ear to ear the day I realized I had become a legend. I was all choked up. Really.

I flashed them all and heard a crescendo of bullhorn-salutes roar in my back window as I drove down my own highway towards lands of great sex and never-ending adventure!

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Men's slip

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